National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

INFIDELITY AND ANTI-SLAVERY.

From the Cincinnati Christian Press.

We copy the following article, with the above caption, from the *Central Christian Herald*.

We thank the editor for this expression of his sympathies. He is among the first, if not the very first, of the conductors of our religious journals who has given us an encouraging word. He should remember, however, that the only schism we desire is, a division from iniquity; the only disorganization we ask is one which shall break up the *organic* connection of the Church with sin. We think we plead for the best interests of the Presbyterian Church when we urge such a schism as will sever from her the dead and putrefying body of sin, the curse of Slavery. Let there be a schism between the living and the dead. Let her come forth and be separate, and a new era will dawn for her and for the West.

"INFIDELITY AND ANTI-SLAVERY.

"A class of men who scoff at the Bible are trying to lead the Anti-Slavery movement of the day. And some Christians seem disposed to accept of their leadership. We have been pained to see good men —ministers and officers in evangelical churches—on the platform with Garrison, Phillips, and Parker, hearing without rebuke their infidel ravings. They tell us they act with these scoffers merely as Anti-Slavery men, and do not indorse their sentiments on the subject of religion. But in this they are mistaken. Garrison and his school have far more hatred to the Bible than love for the slave. They parade the latter in order more effectually to wreak the former. Anti-Slavery is the cloak, beneath whose folds is hidden the drawn dagger of atheism. They cannot make a speech against oppression, without interlading it with sneers against the Gospel and the Church; and the world regards all who act with them as, at least, not disapproving their sentiments. And we have observed that brethern who thus act acquire much of the harsh and bitter spirit which characterize their chosen leaders; for how can a man handle pitch and not be defiled?

"We are glad to find the *Oberlin Evangelist* and the *Christian Press* repudiating all such alliances, and declaring that their only hope for the abolition of Slavery is in the Gospel of Christ—that they place religion before Anti-Slavery—that an Evangelical Bible Reform cannot be aided by the enemies of the Bible. For avowing and adhering to these principles, the papers mentioned are being violently assailed by the infidel wing of the Anti-Slavery party; but they will be more than compensated by the esteem and sympathy of the good, and the approval of God.

"There is a growing Christian Anti-Slavery feeling in the North and West. Cases like that of Freeman, at Indianapolis, are opening the eyes, stirring the hearts, and arousing the consciences of Christians. But the great body of them will not act under the blended standards of 'Infidelity and Abolition.' They will cling to the Bible and the Church, while they oppose Slavery, and labour for the emancipation of the slave. If Anti-Slavery men in the West want to unite and concentrate this rising tide, they must avoid all alliances and teachings that are contrary to the gospel of Christ. They must not countenance infidelity—they must not indulge in uncharitableness, or try to promote disorganization and schism. If love for the Saviour and brotherly love are blended with their efforts against this great evil, they will gain more than if they had a nation of infidels, each eloquent as Phillips, and energetic as Garrison, on their side."

SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA.

Richmond, Va., Aug. 18th, 1853.

I conclude that your readers would be as much interested in hearing some facts and conlusion with regard to Slavery as in anything else which I could communicate, although with me the subject is, of course, as it were, an old story. Well, here is Slavery in all its vigour and strength, on the right and on the left. Were Virginia to emancipate, considering her physical and political position, her great extent, resources, population, her age, and the *prestige* and influence of the great names which illustrate her history, as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Adams, and Henry, the entire slave system would be shaken to its very foundations, and, in short would probably soon be broken up and pass away. On the contrary, so long as she upholds the sytsem, speaking after the manner of men, it must and will stand. Her position and course on the subject will therefore be always watched with the greatest interest, both by the North and the South.

I regret to be obliged to say, therefore, that Virginia is a very strong Slave State; that the institution is here surrounded with most formidable entrenchments. And it is morally certain, a thing known and admitted by every intelligent man in Virginia, that the postponement of the day of hope to the hundreds of thousands of Virginia serfs has been occasioned by the ill-timed, unhappy efforts of Northern Abolitionists. I cannot stop to argue the question as to whether this *ought* to be the case; that is, whether the real friends of emancipation in Virginia ought to have suffered their efforts to be frustrated by the interference of the people of other States in their work. Of the *fact* I cannot entertain the faintest doubt.

I will tell you how the matter worked. In 1830, Virginia called a Convention to revise her Constitution. In that Convention there were an able and eloquent minority of members favourable to emancipation. These men took hold of the subject earnestly, but rationally, politically, and humanely. They portrayed the impolicy and danger of continued Slavery in glowing colours. The delegate from Norfolk, where the slave spirit is now extremely rampant, in the Convention, compared the slave institution to an old house which was lopping and tottering over a populous street, and which, therefore, should be removed as soon as possible, out of regard to the safety and the lives of the passing citizens. Others expressed themselves with equal decision against the institution, both on grounds of policy and morality. The many friends of emancipation in the State conceived the strongest hopes that, through the labours of the Convention, their State would gradually, at least, but surely, be relieved of the curse of Slavery.

But suddenly the scene was changed. Just about that time, Mr. Garrison and his company commenced their operations in the North. Here the impression very extensively prevailed that the Abolitionists were going to use active and forcible interference for the liberation of the slaves of the South. The friends of emancipation, both in and out of the Convention, were confounded. The were put down and baffled. The movement in the Convention for prospective emancipation utterly failed. The moderate men were immediately thrown into the shade; and the power of the State was seized and wielded by the ultra advocates of Slavery. The coloured people, at that period, were not only receiving instruction in Sunday Schools, but in day schools. Thousands of benevolent hearts and hands were engaged in ameliorating the physical and moral condition of this unhappy race; and the haven of success seemed in full view. The tornado of Abolition came; and the whole scene was strewn with the signs of devastation and ruin. The education of the blacks was made a penal offence; their indulgences were many of them restricted, and their chains were riveted on more tightly than ever. You may say that this is pro-slavery talk. I cannot help it. I believe it to be the truth. If you give me a chance, I will give in my next some facts and incidents illustrative of the institution at the present time.—*Cor. New Bedford (Mass.) Standard.*

Selections.

ONE OF THE PECULIARITIES OF THE "PECULIAR INSTITUTION."

There is one among the multitudinous classifications of society in New Orleans which the world knows very little of, yet which is a very peculiar and characteristic result of the prejudices, vices and customs of the various elements of colour, class and nation, which have been brought together.

I refer to a class composed of the illegitimate offspring of white men and coloured women (mulattoes or quadroons), who, from habits of early life, the advantages of education, and the use of wealth, are too much superior to negroes in general to associate with them, and are allowed by law or the popular prejudice to marry white people. The girls of this class are frequently sent to Paris to be educated, and are very accomplished. They are generally very pretty, and often extremely beautiful. I think that the two most beautiful women I ever saw were of this class. They are invariably finely formed, and have a graceful and elegant carriage; they have usually inherited or acquired the taste and skill in the choice and arrangement of dress and ornaments of a Frenchwoman. Their beauty and attractiveness being their fortune, they cultivate and cherish with diligence every charm or accomplishment they are or can be made possessed of.

Of course, men are attracted by them, associate with them, love them, and, not being able to marry them legally and with the usual forms and securities for constancy, make such arrangements with them "as can be agreed upon." When a man makes a declaration of love to one of these ladies, she will admit or deny, as the case may be, her happiness in receiving it; but supposing she is disposed to be favourable, she will usually refer the applicant to her mother; the mother inquires into the circumstances of the suitor, ascertains whether he is able to support a family, and if satisfied with him in these and other respects, requires from him security, that shall be good in law, that he will support her daughter in a style suitable to the habits she has been bred to, and that, it he should ever leave her, he will give her a certain sum for her future support, and a certain additional sum for each of the children she shall have.

The wealth which is thus to be secured to her will, of course, vary, as in society with higher pretensions to morality, with the value of the lady in the market; that is, with her attractiveness and the number and value of other suitors she may have or may reasonably expect. Of course, I do not mean that love has nothing at all to do with it, but the French custom obtains, and love is sedulously restricted and held firmly in hand until the road of competency is seen to be clear. Everything being satisfactorily arranged, a tenement in a certain quarter of the town is usually hired, and the couple move into it and go to housekeeping; living as if they were married. The woman is not, of course, to be wholly deprived of the society of others—her former acquaintances are continued, and she sustains her relations as daughter, sister, and friend. Of course, too, her husband (she calls him so) will be likely to continue also more or less in, and form a part of, this kind of society. There are parties and balls—*bals masque*—and all the movements and customs of other fashionable society, which they can enjoy in it if they wish. The women of this sort are universally represented to be exceedingly affectionate in disposition, and *constant* beyond reproach.

To have this relation with a woman is termed to *placer* with her. During all the time a man sustains it he will commonly be moving also in reputable society on the other side of the town; not improbably eventually he marries, and has a family establishment elsewhere. Before doing this, he may separate from his *placée* (so she is termed); if so, he pays her according to agreement, and as much more, perhaps, as his sense of the cruelty of the proceeding may lead him to, and she has the world before her again in the position of a widow. Many men continue for a long time, I am told, to support both establishments, particularly if the marriage is one of *convenance*. But many others form so strong attachments that the relation is never discontinued, but becomes, indeed, that of marriage, except that it is not legalized or solemnized. These men leave their estate at death to their children, to whom they have previously given every advantage of education that they could command. What becomes of the boys I am not informed. The girls, of course, mainly continue in the same society, and are fated to a life similar to their mothers.

I have described this custom as it was described to me; I needly hardly say in only its best aspects. The crime and heart-breaking sorrow that must frequently result from it must be evident to every reflective reader. One reason which leads it to be adopted by many, perhaps most unmarried men who come to New Orleans to carry on business, is, that it is a much cheaper mode of living than is offered them at all comfortable hotels or boarding-houses. As no young man ordinarily dare think of marrying until he has made a fortune to support the extravagant style of housekeeping and gratify the expensive tastes of young ladies as society is now educating them in all our cities, many men without capital are obliged to make up their minds to remain on salaries, and never to marry. Such a one undertook to show me that it was cheaper for him to *placer* than to live in any other way that he could be expected to in New Orleans. His current expenses were very light; he hired at a low rent two apartments in the older part of the town; his concubine (for this appears to be the proper translation of the French term) did not require a servant, except occasionally; she did the marketing, and performed all the housekeeping necessary; she took care of his clothes, and in every way was economical and saving in her habits (it being her interest, if her affection for him were not sufficient, to make him as much comfort and as little expense as possible, that he might be the more strongly attached to her, and have the less occasion to leave her). He concluded by assuring me that, whatever might be said against it, it certainly was better than the way in which most young men lived who are depending on salaries in New York. A recent conversation I have had on the subject with an eminent physician of New York leads me to doubt if he was not right. I will add that the streets of New Orleans at night contrasted most favourably, as to shameless and unrestrained prostitution, with those of New York. I have alluded to this view of the subject merely to call the attention of thinking men and women to the connection which it indicates to exist between the expensive standard of the comforts of life—what indeed are commonly considered and spoken of as the necessities of housekeeping-life—which custom with us now holds before every young man and woman, with vice, crime, poverty and misery. Of the general subject it is my business to speak, on account of its connection with the peculiar institution of the South, from the laws of which proceeds the anomalous social position of the class referred to.

A young gentleman, of New England education, gave me the following account of his acquaintance with the quadroon society. On first coming to New Orleans, he was drawn into the social circles usually frequented by New England people, and some time after was introduced by a friend to a quadroon family, in which there were three pretty and accomplished young women. He knew no ladies in private life whose musical tastes had been better cultivated, or who could sing or play equal to them. They were intelligent and well informed; they were interested in the literature of the day, and their conversation upon it was characterized by good sense, discrimination and refined taste. He never saw any indication of a want of purity of character or delicacy of feeling in them. He was much attracted by them, and for some time visited them very frequently. He then discontinued his intimacy and called on them only at long intervals, till at length one of the girls asked him why he did not come as often as he had formerly done. He frankly replied that he had found their society so fascinating to him that he had thought it best to restrict himself in the enjoyment of it, lest it should become necessary to his happiness; and out of regard to his general plans of life, and the feelings of his friends, he could not permit himself to hope to be united to one of them, according to the usual custom with their class. The young woman appeared pained, but not at all offended, and acknowledged the propriety and good sense of his resolution. I afterwards was introduced to two of the young women of the family in a public place, and had a moment's conversation with them, without at all suspecting, until I was afterwards informed, that they were not respectable white ladies. I shall have occasion to speak further of the condition of the free people of colour in Louisiana, as they constitute a larger proportion of the population than in any other State, and their social position is peculiar. Yeoman.
—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

HOPPER.

Joy! for another victory is won!
In calm omnipotence a conquering spirit
Treads the bright fane where souls most [illegible]
Another star is risen with light sublime—
A star of strength, above the cope of Time,
Brightening forever from the Spirit Sun!

Earth is bereft. Heaven hath one Angel more
A new ascended splendour wings its flight
From love to love, from light to purest light.
Another brother pleads for us above;
Another heart of unextinguished love
Prays for mankind where risen saints adore.

Yet friend, when souls like thine from earth depart,
We feel that ministering Angels go,—
And leave the populous city of our wo.
The sky becomes less grand. The breathing air
Misses the good man's presence, and his prayer.
A link is dropped from life's fraternal chain;
A lamp is quenched, no more to shine again;
A solemn fane where Christ was shrined away,
Crumbles and falls to undistinguished clay,
And all who love their race grow sad at heart.

Away our fears and pains! Thou livest still!
Thy memory is music, and thy deeds
Are bread of life, whereon Affection feeds.
The lamp is fallen, but the flame it lent
Kindles the heart-fires of a continent.
The mute religion of thy story pleads
For suffering Man more mightily than creeds.

The stalk is broken, but the seed survives.
Thy life with love inspires a thousand lives,
And daily triumphs o'er aggressive will.

Our *miserere* in rejoicing dies.
The new-born ages travail with the birth
Of myriads like thee, who shall all go forth
In the dear Master's name, and in His love,
While Hate, the vulture, flies from Peace, the dove.
'Tis morn, not eve, whose twilight fills the skies.
Star, to thy bright perihelion speeding on,
Good man, become an Angel, love us still;
Pray for us to the Father, that His will
May in our lives, not less than thine, be done!
8th mo., 1853. Thomas L. Harris.
—*New York Tribune.*

MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

From the Leeds (Eng.) Mercury, Sept. 3d.

We cannot allow this highly gifted and honoured lady to leave our shores for her native land, as she intends doing on Wednesday next, without a few parting words of heart-felt sympathy. If Mrs. Stowe's health and domestic circumstances had permitted her to attend the public meeting to which she was invited in Leeds, she would have received from our townsmen and townswomen as earnest an expression of their grateful admiration as she has met with in any part of "the old country." But unhappily her own health, though much improved, is yet not strong enough to bear the excitement of a public meeting; and she is also called, by news of the feeble health of a daughter, to hasten her departure for America several weeks earlier than she had originally intended. In consquence, the idea of a public soirée or meeting in this town has been reluctantly abandoned; and the testimonial to be presented to her from the inhabitants of Leeds, together with an address from the Anti-Slavery Association, must be presented by a deputation at a private house during her brief stay amongst us.

We believe we are justified in two leading remarks on Mrs. Stowe's visit to England, namely, 1st, that wherever she has appeared, and among whatever class of Society, she has received proofs of enthusiastic admiration, founded not merely on her personal claim as the authoress of the most remarkbook of the day, but on sympathy for the oppressed slave, whose wrongs she has exposed; and, 2dly, that the feeling in England on behalf of the slave is as pure, as free from all admixture of political prejudice or national jealousy, and as consistent with true friendship for the people of the United States, as it is warm and general.

Mrs. Stowe came among us with claims like those which a Howard, a Clarkson, or a Wilberforce, established on the gratitude of their fellow-men. She had done all that genius and glowing zeal, sanctified by piety, could do, on behalf of millions of her countrymen, trampled beneath the hoot ot ruthless and shameless oppression. She had drawn upon the canvass of her page for the information of the world, a picture of negro life in America, not less true and just than it was vivid and brilliant—a piece of nature as absolute as that which we see reflected from the living world in the *camera obscura*; and she had made it the medium of appeals as tender and touching as they were mighty, and as Christian in spirit as they were irrefragible in reason. Having done this in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she added to the philanthropic service by a mass of proofs, from documents and authorities which it is quite impossible to question, in "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," so as to rivet the most skeptical, and to silence the most audacious apoligist of Slavery. By these two works she had excited a feeling against Slavery incomparably stronger and more wide-spread than any previous author. The circulation of "Uncle Tom" in the United States and in this country was altogether unprecedented; we have seen translations in French, German, Flemish, and Dutch, and we believe it is circulating in every language of Europe and of the civilized world; there is scarcely a book shop on the Continent where it does not lie nearest the eye. No work in the history of literature—that book only excepted whence she has derived her inspiration—has had so many readers.

Coming amongst us after such services to the cause of humanity, and with other claims founded on what she and her distinguished family have done on behalf of virtue and religion, she was entitled to the grateful respect of all good men; and we believe she has received proofs of that feeling in this country, as numerous and strong as her own disposition to shrink from publicity rendered it possible to offer. It is to be feared that her visit has had some admixture of the painful, from the necessity she has been placed under of declining a multitude of kind and impressing invitations. But she will return with the full assurance that England sympathizes most heartily in her noble efforts for the emancipation of the slave, and will give her all the moral support that it is possible in her future labours.

And now, recruited somewhat in mind and body by the mountain air of Switzerland and the sympathies of Europe, Mrs. Beecher Stowe returns to the duties, anxieties, and troubles ot home—to the domestic cares from which a mother cannot and hardly would escape, and perhaps—alas! for human nature that it should be so!—to arduous combat, to vexing controversy, possibly even to envy, jealousy, and misinterpretation from fellow-labourers. For the Anti-Slavery cause in the United States is beset with numberless difficulties—political, religious, and social—amidst which differences of opinion not unnaturally arise among those who are firmly united in principle and object.

The greatest of all the difficulties is to be found in the supposed interests and strong prejudices of the slaveholders, whose numbers and influences are such that they find support from the legislatures, the ministers of religion, the lawyers, the merchants, the editors, the churches, the women—in fact, the whole white population of the slave States. There seems not a foot of ground in those States on which the Abolitionists can plant there machinery of moral suasion. No crevice is left by which light can enter. A man suspected of Anti-Slavery opinions is hunted out of the territory as if he were a wild beast. And so determined are the slave-owners to resist the least concession, that they threaten to abandon the Union if any concession should be made; by which means they exercise a very potent influence over the friends of the Union in the Free States, and array on their side a mighty political party. It is only a book so irresistible in its attractions as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that can ever force its way south of the Ohio, or plead the cause of the oppressed.

Another enormous difficulty in the way of Anti-Slavery progress is found in the deplorable antipathy existing in the free States against men of colour. The least shade of the African hue is sufficient to exclude a man, of whatever character and wealth, from churches, from societies, from all public office, from railway carriages and steamboats, and from the common civilities of life. It needs strong Christian principle or heroic courage to own a person of sable tinge as a "man and a brother."

Thus, in the North as well as in the South, the slave interest is fenced with entrenchments which frown defiance on the consistent friends of liberty. Little can we estimate in England the sacrifices which a decided Abolitionist has to make in America.

But reflection would further show us, what notorious facts testify, that under difficulties so extremely complicated—where Democrats are the worst despots and "mighty great Christians" among the traffickers in flesh and blood—it is all but impossible to unite the Abolitionists themselves in their views as to the best course of action. Organization is needful, if any permanent good is to be done, but it is as difficult as it is needful. Among their numbers are to be found some of every political party, some of every religious sect, and some who own neither sect nor party. The sympathies of these several classes are conflicting on every point except that of emancipation, and it is natural that they should often differ as to things to be done or not to be done, to be said or not to be said. Then come in further those common disturbers of society, strange tempers, strong self-will, personal ambition, jealousy, and envy, to mar the effect of stern principle and indomitable courage.

To such a discouraging field, where the enemies are so numerous and united, and the friends are so few and dispersed, Mrs. Stowe must return, we conceive, with something of a martyr spirit. For work like this, nerves of steel would seem to be demanded. And she is a feeble woman! How shall she arm herself for such a conflict? It ought, surely, to be a divine panoply she should put on—a divine strength she should seek. And, happily, this is just what this Christian woman has always sought and obtained. She goes not to warfare at her own charges, and confides not in her own arm. She has no ambition to indulge. She shrinks from the name of a leader. Disinterested, high-minded, feminine, and Christian, hers is the *purest* chivalry that ever held aloft the banner of freedom; and it may be that He with whom "there is no restraint to save by many or by few" will bring down the system of Slavery, not by the strength of heroes and the wisdom of legislators, but by a woman's pen.

Mrs. Stowe and her fellow-Abolitionists have a right to ask the sympathy and the prayers of British Christians. They have a claim to a continued interest in the minds of all who feel that they are doing their duty. In whatever way England can help, she is bound to help; and as the very least, the friends of the slave on this side of the Atlantic can cheer those on the other side, who are in the thick of the fight, with their frequent and cordial communications.

It would be very presumptuous for us to offer counsel to Mrs. Stowe, or to the Abolitionists of New England and New York, inasmuch as the latter know all the circumstances of the case infinitely better than ourselves. We may be permitted, however, to express our own ardent wish to see the American Abolitionists acting with that harmony which is so conducive to the success of any good cause. Sometimes we have feared that the earnestness of distinguished Abolitionists bordered on intolerance of any differing opinion among those who were as zealous as themselves. Sometimes we have thought their honest reproaches were unnecessarily offensive. True, they are contending against a desperate evil, and surrounded with the strongest temptations to temporize. True, there is much virtue in the heroic decision that sets its face as a flint. But if they would look at the success of Mrs. Stowe's writings, in which unrivalled effect has been produced without ever transgressing the spirit of Christian charity, and without a single quarrelsome remark on any fellow-labourer, we think they might learn a useful lesson.

We know that it is much easier to advise the combination of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* than to practice it, in the midst of a trying conflict. But we cannot admit that, in any cause, prudence and conciliation may be dispensed with. And as long as there is Mrs. Stowe among themselves, we have a great illustration of an unswerving adherence to principle, combined with unfailing prudence and kindness. That lady has relied for her success on a powerful exhibition of facts, together with an admirable habit of bringing all conduct to the standard of the Gospel. Let it not be supposed, from the above remarks, that we undervalue the noble efforts and sacrifices which some of the New England Abolitionists have made for years; so far from it, we would give them the highest praise. But as they are not infallible, they will perhaps pardon the friendly suggestion of a bystander. There is room for all the efforts of all the Abolitionists, each in his own way. Let Luther thunder and Melanchton reason and criticise; but let all their attacks be directed against their common enemy, and let them not turn either bolts or quills against each other.

In taking a respectful and affectionate leave of Mrs. Stowe, we would offer our earnest aspiration that her valuable life may be spared for many years, even till the seed she has sown so widely shall have sprung up and borne fruit, and the mighty fabric of Slavery shall totter and fall amidst the acclamations of men of every colour and clime.

HOPELESS BONDAGE.

"Do you know, Tom, that we've all got to be sold?" said Adolph.

"How did you hear that?" said Tom.

"I hid myself behind the curtains when Missis was talking with the lawyer."

"The Lord's will be done!" said Tom, folding his arms and sighing heavily.

"We'll never get another such master," said Adolph, apprehensively; but I'd rather be sold than take my chance with Missis."

Tom turned away; his heart was full. The hope of liberty, the thought of distant wife and children rose up before his patient soul, as to the mariner, shipwrecked almost in port, rises the vision of the church-spire and loving roofs of his native village, seen over the top of some black wave, only for one last farewell. He drew his arms tightly over his bosom, and chocked back the bitter tears, and tried to pray. The poor old soul had such a singular, unaccountable prejudice in favour of liberty, that it was a hard wrench for him, and the more he said, "Thy will be done," the worse he felt.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, Vol. 2, p. 150.

He thought to see his early home once more,
That meek and trusting one;
His children playing by the cabin door,
With joyful shout and tone.

No more a slave, but as another free
Alike to go and come,
His bondage past, a *man* he thought to be,
When he should seek his home!

How rose that vision to his longing sight!
Hope o'er his spirit breathed;
A glory, like the tints of morning light,
That cottage home enwreathed.

It passed; his hopes all faded one by one,
And grief was his instead;
Only he strove to say, "Thy will be done,"
But still the heart would bleed.

For serpent folds seemed winding round his soul,
In that most fearful day;
The future only misery may unroll,
What can he do but pray?

Yet e'en the mercy-seat he scarce can find;
The golden cherubs cast
A dim and doubtful light; he groped as blind,
So twilight on all was cast.

Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 12. M. A. C.
—*Independent.*

BRITISH ANTI-SLAVERY.

Manchester, Aug. 26.

The Anti-Slavery party in this country have, for several years past, been in a very disorganised condition. Not that there has been any want of public interest in the great question of American Slavery; but the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has been feeble in its action and ill-advised in its policy. To trace the course of that Society since its re-construction after the great battle of freedom was fought in the West India Islands, would be both tedious and unnecessary. Suffice it to say, therefore, that instead of enlightening the public mind as to the true character of American Slavery, and showing what the people of this country could do towards effecting its abolition, and instead of seeking to induce the British Churches to utter energetic protests against the traitorous course of their co-religionists across the Atlantic, it was content to show, in dry and long reports, teeming with statistics, that few cared about reading, that the coloured population were progressing in the West Indies, and that the evils of which the planters complained were partly occasioned by their own mismanagement, and partly by our Free Trade measures with regard to sugar imported into this kingdom. That these questions were of importance I should be the last to dispute; but they ought never to have taken precedence of the interests of the three millions of enslaved human beings whose fate so darkly blots the escutcheon of your great Republic. Then, again, in the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, the organ of the Society, all mention of the labours of the American Anti-Slavery Society and their friends was carefully avoided; and, whatever may have been the cause of that silence, this much is certain, that many earnest Abolitionists considered that such a paper should be the vehicle of communicating to the British Anti-Slavery world everything of interest that was said or done by American Abolitionists, irrespective of the parties to which they belonged, and what added much to the disunion and bitterness of feeling was the way in which the late Secretary (now in your country) mixed up his private hatreds with his public duties. For example, the Rev. Edward Mathews, the Agent of the Free Mission Baptists, came to this country to give information on the Slavery question, and to collect funds for the Dawn Institute, of which his Society was, at that time, the tenant. To his surprise he was coldly received by the Secretary, and, to his further astonishment, he found Mr. Josiah Henson raising money for the same benevolent object, professedly. He of course complained to Mr. Scoble, but that gentleman at once became a partizan of Mr. Henson's, and, without instituting proper inquiries, published in the *Reporter* that he alone was entitled to collect money for the Institute in question. This extraordinary conduct, added to other circumstances, still further alienated the affections of many Abolitionists from the Society. But, happily, Mr. Scoble resigned his important office, and made way for one who possesses, I believe, a more catholic Anti-Slavery spirit, better tact, a keener perception of his duties, and a milder temper. I refer to Mr. L. A. Chamerovzow. The advent of Mr. Chamerovzow as a leader of the great Anti-Slavery party in this country was most opportune, and so far he has surpassed my most sanguine anticipations. * * * * * * *

Manchester, Sept. 6th.

Parliament being closed, politics are flat, and excitement of any kind can scarcely be said to exist. In the absence, therefore, of any information of special interest, I will supply you with a chapter of Anti-Slavery news. In the first place, then, let me tell you that the Rev. Edward T. Kirk, of Boston, who preached a sermon on the duty of obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, has been received with great cordiality in this country by his independent brethern, probably because, like many of his pro-slavery fellow-ministers who visit us, he made a profession of Anti-Slavery principles. Indeed, I feel satisfied that this is the case, inasmuch as he preached, but a few Sundays ago, in the pulpit of the Rev. James Sherman, in whose thorough Abolitionism I have every confidence. The Rev. Edward Mathews, in the *Morning Advertiser*, and myself, in the *British Banner*, announced to the British public the real nature of Mr. Kirk's position on the Slavery question, quoting from the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. Dr. Campbell, the editor of the *British Banner*, thus writes of Mr. Kirk and myself. He says: "Having, a week ago, admitted a letter on the subject of Mr. Kirk's views of Slavery, we can receive no more. We are slow to believe such allegations against men of established character. Our republican brethren carry into their literary intercourse so much of violence—some of them are so much inclined to the *Lynch*, even there, that we feel the necessity of caution in crediting their reports of one another. It may be that Mr. Kirk has, from the views he has been led to entertain of the duty of Christian obedience to existing law, pursued the course set forth; and if so, we can only say we deeply lament it. But we would have our readers keep their minds in suspense until Mr. Kirk, or some properly informed friend, shall have been heard on the other side. Mr. Kirk is at present on the continent, but it is just possible the foregoing may reach his eye; and if so, a reply is certain."

After some further observations, Dr. Campbell thus concludes: "Mr. Chesson is a species of detective. Keen, courageous, it will be difficult for defaulters to escape him; and if at times—as we hope will be the case at present—he should happen to pounce upon an honest man, the evil will be temporary, while the good will be permanent."

These remarks serve to show the kind of work in which we Abolitionists are frequently engaged, and I assure you that there are *not* many of us who are thus occupied in the exposure of sacerdotal imposters from your shores.

In a grand oration which Wendell Phillips delivered in March last (I think), he reviewed the strictures of Ion, of the *Leader* (the organ of the extreme Democratic and Rationalist party in this country), who endeavoured to show that the American Abolitionists were doing an injury to the cause of the enslaved by their denunciations of the slaveholders. Ion has recently replied to Wendell Phillips's review; but it strikes me that his reasoning is extremely illogical. He talks of separating the sin from the sinner—a very difficult matter, indeed, to do with American Slavery, even if it were right. But why should we write, or speak, of a villain as if he were an honest man? Will humanity gain anything by any part of the truth being withheld? Certainly not; for it is only by showing wicked men their guilt in *its true colours* that you can hope to reach their consciences.

It may interest your readers to know that Ion is George Jacob Holyoake, the leader of the English Secularists, who neither believe nor disbelieve the existence of a God, and who, therefore, think that man should not trouble himself about an eternity with which it is not certain he will have anything to do, but should confine himself exclusively to the things of time. If Holyoake's reasoning on the subject of Slavery truly represents his argumentative powers, in my opinion he is a very inferior logician.

I replied to him in the *Leader*. In the course of my reply I said: "There are certainly differences of opinion, and important ones too, which are perfectly allowable, and to which his theory would well apply. But it strikes me that no opinion, or act, which tramples upon self-evident and universally recognised principles of morality and justice, should be subject to this charitable rule. If a man who perpetrates a burglary is denounced as 'a robber,' why should the man who steals another be exempt from the disgraceful but well-merited designation? Is an opprobrious epithet to be applied to the man who commits the minor offence, while he who is guilty of the infinitely greater crime is to be spoken of in mild terms, simply because he belongs to a powerful and 'civilized' nation, which is deeply involved in the same iniquity? For God's sake, let us call things by their right names. The *Leader* is the representative of democratic opinions. You have denounced in no measured terms 'the perjured House of Hapsburgh,' and that Imperial burglar, the Autocrat of the North; but, according to Ion's theory, you were wrong in doing so. You should rather have attacked despotism, while you spared the despot! Depend upon it, nothing is lost to humanity by refusing to address the villain as if he were an honest man; for it is only by speaking the truth faithfully that men's consciences are aroused. Garrison's terrible pictures of the guilt of slaveholding have awakened shame and remorse in many a pro-slavery heart, and prepared it for the reception of Anti-Slavery truth. * * * * * * * I would respectfully ask Ion how he would comment on the piratical attempts that are being made to annex Cuba and Mexico to the United States for pro-slavery purposes, without denouncing the individuals who are seeking to perpetrate the robbery; and whether, in writing on the Rev. Mr. Hooker's pamphlet, which attempts to prove that Slavery is '*a missionary institution*,' he would employ any other language than that of 'scorn?'" * * * *
—*Wesleyan.* F. W. Chesson.

E PLURIBUS UNUM;

Or an old Text, with a new gloss, for all Anti-Slavery Men.

Channing, the wise, firm foe of Slavery,
And Garrison, the Hannibal of that Rome,
In purpose one, for years could never come
To see alike, nor yet to the liberty—
So dear and yet so rare—to disagree;
Till, at an hour of freedom's darkest gloom,
They met in Massachusetts' Senate Room,*
And plighted hands in Faith and Charity.
Strangers before, they were estranged no more,
But toiled together, till one left the shore,
Bound heavenward. Then, for Christ, for victory won,
Friends of Humanity, bid strife begone;
Leagued in a common cause, keep trust in one another;
Each strive in his own sphere, and own in each a brother.

* The incident referred to may be found related in the Memoirs of Channing, volume 3, pages 229, 230.—[*Indiana Free Democrat.*

A WORD WITH THE PEOPLE.

In 1850, after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act, the City Hall of Syracuse was crowded, night after night, and that Act was denounced as never before was an American statute denounced. The enthusiasm of indignation was unbounded. The eloquence of invective was exhausted. The Act was declared to be in defiance of "all that is called God;" as degrading to every man; and that to obey it was to abdicate Manhood forever. It was declared that it would be a disgrace, never to be obliterated, to suffer a fellow-man to be made a slave in our midst. And we "pledged our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour," to the truth of our declarations.

Such was the language—such the feeling—such the determination of the People of Syracuse, in October, 1850. October, 1851, justified it to the world! What deep and unutterable rejoicings filled the minds of our people on the glorious night of October 1, 1851! The evening "stars sang together," and thousands on thousands echoed the song. Calm, peaceful, delicious, was the joy of that night. Syracuse was wreathed in smiles.

A dozen of your fellow-citizens, charged as criminals, under bonds, have, at five different times, abandoning their business, and subjected to extraordinary expenses, followed a Court, thirsting for a chance to put them in prison. It is wholly immaterial—for the purposes of this occasion—whether they, or any one of them, assisted in this noble deed. In your name, in the name of all you cherish as beautiful and lovely when you cluster around your hearth-stone, the deed was done, and they have been called to answer for it. For the Sixth time, on Tuesday, the 27th September, 1853, they are again to appear before a tribunal which has but one peer in so-called Christendom—the bloody Inquisition.

Now, we wish to say, to the noble men and women of Syracuse and Onondago, that the Celebration of the Rescue of the man Jerry, on the First Day of October next, will afford an opportunity to make good the Words of October, 1850! At the hour you are celebrating, your friends will be confronting this Modern Inquisition! Shall the coffers of the Jerry Fund, on that day, swell, like the tide of your indignation, in the Past?—like the fullness of your rejoicings, in the Present? We call on the men and women who, on that day, *cannot* forget Canandaigua, to lay aside, in one corner of their pockets, that sum which each *desires* to offer on the shrine of Liberty. And we ask them, prior to that day, to gather together the sum which their neighbours who cannot come also *desire* to invest for the protection and defence of outraged Humanity. "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

We need say no more. The case is already argued and adjudged by yourselves—for the Cause is your own. Let the Treasury, on that day, be filled as it should be—as we believe it will be—and a blow will be struck which will be felt throughout the whole country. Let it be known and felt that men charged with truth as a crime are promptly and cheerfully sustained by the hands of the People, and Liberty has a foundation and security, which no combination can shake, and which no eloquence could ordain.

The words of October, 1850, were true! They will be fulfilled! It is estimated that $50,000 have been already expended to put some one in jail, because the chains were struck from Jerry's limbs. Can our people look on passively? Never!

W. L. Crandal, Thomas G. White,
James Fuller, Eliza Filkins,
Lydia P. Savage, Joseph Savage,
J. W. Loguen, *Committee.*

Syracuse, Sept. 8, 1858.

Letters containing money for this object may be sent to Gerrit Smith, to reach him, at Peterboro', prior to Sept. 29, or at Syracuse, by first of October.

Committee on Declaration of Principles.—The following gentlemen were appointed a Committee to prepare a Declaration of Principles: Gerrit Smith, Chas. A. Wheaton, Samuel J. May, W. L. Crandal, Thos. G. White.

MR. YEADON AT PLYMOUTH.

From the Evening Post.

We are not in the habit of resorting to the columns of the New York *Herald* in order to ascertain the correctness of our own reports; and if Mr. Yeadon had a little better appreciation of the value of the information conveyed by that paper, he would not probably have made his appeal to it. Our correspondent only attempted to furnish a sketch of Mr. Yeadon's remarks, and, cheerfully assenting to the verbal correction of his report, would be happy to be assured that the orator committed no greater mistake at the Plymouth celebration than the particular one here referred to. As to the charge of having misrepresented the performance of the speaker, and the extent of the disapproval which the audience signified for it, our correspondent still claims the privilege of differing from Mr. Yeadon. So far as he remembers, the hisses with which that gentleman was saluted were not only loud, but came from the larger part of those present, while the applause that succeeded was made by perhaps a dozen persons, with apparently the charitable design of retrieving the orator's confusion. The "crazy and rabid Abolitionists" (a designation which the Boston *Courier* commonly applies to Messrs. Garrison, Parker, and their friends) remained entirely neutral, not joining in the demonstration.

Certainly Mr. Yeadon's allusions, on such an occasion, where probably three-quarters of the audience were strongly opposed to his opinions, to "Anti-Abolition," the "compromise measures," and to Mr. Everett's gratuitous offer (which he would be but too glad to forget) of personal aid in shooting down the insurgent subjects of a despotic power, must be regarded, to say the least, as peculiarly *mal-apropos*. Mr. Yeadon speaks of the "discourtes

for it, and we can only thank him for the copy with which he has favoured us.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York, Sept. 15, 1853.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

Gentlemen: I have again to ask an act of justice at your hands. Your Plymouth correspondent, in his remarks (which I have just seen, for the first time, at the New York Exchange Reading Room) on my speech, at the Pilgrim celebration at that place, on the 1st ultimo, has grossly misrepresented my performance on that occasion, and the *extent* of the discourtesy practised towards me (to use the language of the Boston *Courier*) "by certain crazy and rabid Abolitionists." I admit "the hisses" of which your correspondent prates so largely, but regard myself only as (again to adopt the phrase of the Boston *Courier*) "complimented" by them—but why was he wholly silent in reference to the *applause* with which those *hisses* were met by the *major* and more discriminating, or, at least, more courteous, portion of the auditory?

My purpose, at present, however, is not to ask a general correction of your correspondent's perversions of my remarks, but rather to request a correction of a very particular *misrepresentation*, that, too, *with inverted commas*, of a passage of my speech. Your correspondent affects to *quote*, but really *misrepresents* me, as having spoken of "Clay, Webster, and Calhoun," "with some incongruity of metaphor," as "the three brightest stars that ever culminated on *the political arena*." Had you looked to the report of my speech in the New York *Herald*, of the 3d ult., which preceded the publication of your correspondent's letter by more than twenty-four hours, you would have seen that my expression, *as spoken*, was as follows:

"Clay, Webster and Calhoun were, beyond all doubt, the three men of America; and long, if ever, will it be ere three stars, equal in magnitude and lustre, will be again seen culminating, at the same time, on our national meridian."

The poetic member of your firm will doubtless appreciate the difference between the two forms of expression, and see the propriety of the requested correction.

I send you a copy of my Plymouth speech, in pamphlet form; and, if you feel disposed to do me full justice, you will transfer it, as well as this letter, to your columns. And is this too great a favour to be asked by a misrepresented brother editor, and one whose hospitality has been shared by a member of your firm?

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
RICHARD YEADON.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS AND HIS PAPER.

We proceed to the performance of a very disagreeable task. "It is not good," says the wise Solomon, "to have respect of persons in judgment." And yet there are cases where great forbearance is called for, where there are many mitigating circumstances, where much is to be extenuated or wholly overlooked; and one of these relates to Mr. Douglass and his paper. For a long period, we have forborne to make any criticism upon his course, in numerous instances in which we deemed it highly objectionable; because we have known how extremely sensitive he is to reproof—how readily he construes it into personal hostility—how estranged he has become in feeling from his old and attached friends; and because we can never forgot the pit of chattelism from which he was lifted, or the adverse circumstances of his most eventful life. If we have ever felt a friendly interest in the development, welfare and advancement of any human being, it has been in his own case. We have followed him, step by step, with the deepest solicitude—remembering how seldom it is that a person is suddenly raised from the lowest depth of obscurity to a highly conspicuous position before the world, without becoming intoxicated by the change or cursed by selfish ambition; that no one has ever been called to pass through a more perilous ordeal of praise on the one hand, and reproach on the other; that the greatest responsibilities were resting upon him as the representative and advocate of a long oppressed and horribly outraged people; and that the eyes of millions of enemies were fastened upon him, envious of his wonderful growth, malignant at his extraordinary success, and watchful for his downfall. As in no other instance, we have taken special pains to avoid any collision with him; we have been dumb where others have been outspoken; and now that we are called to break the silence, it is not of choice, but of necessity; the conflict is one that we have shunned, rather than sought.

One thing should always be remembered in regard to the Anti-Slavery cause. It is not based upon complexion, but upon justice; its principles are world-wide, though the victims whom it seeks to deliver are groaning in the Southern prison-house; it concerns man as man, not merely as an African, or one of African descent. Unswerving fidelity to it, in this country, requires high moral attainments, the crucifixion of all personal considerations, a paramount regard for principle, absolute faith in the right. It does not follow, therefore, that, because he is identified with a class meted out and trodden under foot, he will be the truest to the cause of human freedom. Already, that cause, both religiously and politically, has transcended the ability of the sufferers from American Slavery and prejudice, as a class, to keep pace with it, or to perceive what are its demands, or to understand the philosophy of its operations.

Another thing should be clearly understood. The difficulty with Mr. Douglass, on the part of his old friends, is not that he has changed his opinions concerning the Constitution, but that he has become alienated in spirit, and no longer treats them with fairness or courtesy. "I cherish no love for Wendell Phillips or Edmund Quincy," was his public declaration before the coloured citizens of Boston, a short time since, and he might have added, "none for any of their associates"—for the heart that could proscribe two such devoted friends of the slave as Phillips and Quincy, and avow no regard for them, is incapable of cherishing any esteem for such as stand shoulder to shoulder with them.

It may have surprised some of our readers to observe, in the last *Liberator*, an article from the pen of Mr. Douglass, placed in the "Refuge of Oppression." But the temper and spirit of the article were such as to amply justify the position we assigned it.

It began with a misstatement—charging the *Liberator* with "having opened what it evidently meant should prove a very galling and destructive fire upon *Frederick Douglass's Paper*." But it subsequently convicted itself of falsehood, by saying that our promised strictures remained to be made. "There is a promise that retribution, *though long delayed*, will come at last; and come it will, no doubt, for the *Liberator's* temper is evidently up to it"! All that we have done was, to "come out with some extracts from *Frederick Douglass's Paper*," and let him speak for himself! We do not wonder that he felt ashamed to see them in our columns, whether "selected with artistic skill," or otherwise; for they revealed a state of mind, on his part, anything but honourable or praiseworthy. The first speaks of the "injustice" of Mr. Phillips to Mr. Mann, and accuses him of indulging in "a fit of pride and petulance." The second affects great surprise that the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society were unwilling to license one of its lecturing agents to sell a work, for his benefit, which they regarded as historically unjust and unreliable. The third is Mr. Douglass's account of the celebration of West India Emancipation at Framingham, in which he sneeringly says—"Mr. Phillips *doubtless smarting under the* WELL-DESERVED *castigation given him recently* by Hon. Horace Mann, and wishing to *take vengeance* on somebody, *magnanimously* pounced upon me. . . . I never entered a meeting where I was made the subject of a more vehemous attack. . . . . It is hard to report the words, it is harder to report the *fiery glance* and *supercilious scowl* of Wendell Phillips"!!! Now, what could be more contemptible or more untruthful than representations like these? Mr. Douglass has seen fit, in his paper, to insinuate that Parker Pillsbury, Henry C. Wright, and Stephen S. Foster, probably absented themselves from the last Annual Meeting of the American Society, in order to give it a less "infidel" character in the eyes of religious people, especially on the other side of the Atlantic! Mr. Phillips calmly but explicitly called upon Mr. Douglass, at Framingham, to state to the audience on what ground he based such an imputation. His language and his manner befitted the seriousness of the issue; there was no "venom" in his spirit; it was a faithful reproof, administered in the love of the truth, and worthy of the the noble character of Mr. Phillips. Mr. Douglass may style it "a most bitter and personal assault," but six hundred witnesses can testify to the contrary. That it was a painful occurrence is readily admitted; because it placed Mr. D. in a dilemma from which he was unable to extricate himself. We regard it as exceedingly base in him to represent Mr. Phillips as his personal enemy, who has no other object in criticising him than to effect his overthrow.—Surely, the Frederick Douglass of 1853 is a very *different* man from the one of 1846.

The fourth article was a letter to Mr. Douglass, describing his visit to Boston, and giving an account of his meetings in the Belknap Street Church, in which he brings false accusations against Robert Purvis, C. L. Remond, and William C. Nell, and assails them with great malignity—representing them as his deadly foes, and branding the last-named gentleman as a "a contemptible tool." The atrocious crime of Mr. Nell was, in modestly asking Mr. Douglass to explain his position to his old friends and coadjutors! The treatment he has received at the hands of Mr. D. would be disgraceful to a barbarian. A more worthy, amiable, inoffensive man, does not tread upon the American soil. As for the statement of Mr. D, that Messrs. Remond and Purvis attacked and denounced the National Coloured Convention at Rochester, it is not true. We were present at the time, and can testify that their language was unexceptionable, and heartily received by the assembly. As for Mr. Purvis, we think he passed no criticism whatever upon the Convention.

The refusal of Mr. D. to allow Mr. Nell to be heard through his columns, after having grossly misrepresented and assailed him, was an act of unmitigated injustice.

It is equally idle and false for Mr. Douglass to pretend that he is persecuted on account of his change of views on the subject of political action, and on the character of the Constitution. He is an altered man in his temper and spirit; the success of his paper he makes paramount to principle; and the curse of worldly ambition is evidently the secret of his alienation.—*Liberator*.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

No Meeting at Syracuse.

In consequence of suggestions made to the Executive Committee, by friends of the cause in Syracuse, as to the expediency of postponing, for a few weeks, the semi-annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which was advertised to be held in that city on the 29th and 30th instant, it was announced in the last number of the *Standard* that the meeting would be postponed until the 2d and 3d of November. On further consideration, it has been deemed proper to omit the aforesaid meeting altogether, in consequence of its proximity to the Second Decade Meeting of the Parent Society, which is to be held in Philadelphia, on the 2d and 3d of December, and at which it is desirable to concentrate the Anti-Slavery strength and talent of the country, as far as practicable. Anti-Slavery papers are respectfully requested to inform their readers of this change, in order to prevent any disappointment on the part of persons intending to be present at the Syracuse gathering.

The Jerry Rescue Celebration (which has no connection with the American Anti-Slavery Society) will take place at Syracuse, on Saturday, Oct. 1st, as advertised. It will undoubtedly be a spirited and important meeting.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.
EDMUND QUINCY, S. H. GAY, Secretaries.

MR. EVERETT AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

MR. EVERETT'S private letter to Lord John Russell in reply to his lordship's curt and spicy commentary on his public one, of the 1st of December, declining to enter into the Convention with England and France for the preservation of the *status quo* as to Cuba, on the part of the United States, has been for a week or more before the world. And it is observable that it meets with the almost unanimous approbation of both Whig and Democratic presses. The *Evening Post* is almost the only political paper that has presumed to criticise it. Perhaps it was not strictly correct for Mr. Everett to rise from the tomb in which departed Secretaries are inurned, to do the work for which living ones are paid. u t we have no fault to find with that. We do not care a sixpence whether it be regular or not. It, certainly, was not unprovoked. For a more cutting piece of root and branch work has not been seen for this long while. Not since Mr. Canning's Letter on the Embargo, which we referred to in a former article, as far as American affairs are concerned. This letter, though of course well written, is no more inspired with the soul of wit than the despatch Lord John cavils at. Indeed, it involves a justification of the tediousness which it is the pleasure of our Presidential and Ministerial Dogberrys to bestow on all and sundry who have any dealings with them. We fear that the heart of European Diplomacy will die within it, when it comes to find, on such reverend authority, that Long-windedness is one of the necessary Institutions of our Glorious Country—an outgrowth of the necessities of our polity!

Nor do we care whether or not Mr. Everett has established the doctrine of our Manifest Destiny to swallow up all our neighbours, at least those of them lying to the Southward of us. Though, on his philosophy, we do not see what quarrel we can have (if we really have any) with the Emperor Nicholas for wishing to round his dominions by the absorption of Turkey, Circassia, Persia, and a few other little outlying morsels, which are much nearer his frontiers than Cuba is to ours. If the inclination of the strong to devour the weak be admitted as a proof of their right to do it, then the case is triumphantly made out. We do not propose to discuss this point or any other involved in the Correspondence. We merely wish to notice the illustration of our institutions which this Letter affords. It is written by the most variously accomplished man in the country, by one who has had a most extraordinary degree of political experience and political success, and by one whose political aspirations are believed to be not yet satisfied, but who *thinks* he sees the golden round and top of sovereignty in the distance, awaiting his clutch. Dr. Johnson said of Cave, that he could not spit over the window without thinking of the Gentleman's Magazine (of which he was the founder), and so no American politician ever spits anywhere or everywhere (not that Mr. Everett ever did such a thing—but he is an exceptional American) without thinking of the Presidency of the United States. And when a man of Mr. Everett's prominence, an all but acknowledged Candidate for Candidateship, does anything of a public nature, we may be sure that it has a significance beyond its letter, if we have but the key to decipher it by.

And it is not hard to see the features of the old Red Lion of Slavery peeping out from the very best portraiture of the Angel of Liberty that our political sign-painters can devise. It is remarkable that the Manifest Destiny of the United States should seem to develop itself so determinately towards the South. "*Southward* our Star of Empire takes its way!" In that direction we have set our faces as flints. Mr. Webster could give Great Britain half of Oregon and let her run the North Eastern Boundary pretty much as she pleased, and all the North shouted, "What Statesmanship! What a Heaven-born Secretary!" But no such plans await the Secretary who shall let go of the hundredth part the tithe of soil over which negroes may be driven. "The States lying on the Gulf of Mexico" are those that grow Presidents as well as cotton. Woe to the politician that fails to calculate their malign or favourable influences as he casts his political 'horoscope! To be sure, we have States on the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, with British Possessions about as near them as Cuba to Cape Sable. Their waters "penetrate the heart of the Continent," too, and they have *not* the command of them. In the amount of "products furnished to the world's commerce, moreover, they are a most important as well as integral part of the Union." Why should not the shadow of our Manifest Destiny steal over the British Provinces as well as Cuba and Mexico, pressging the Fulfilment at hand? Every political tyro knows the reason. It is because the inhabitants of those States have no common bond of crime which makes them act as one man when their craft is in danger, and gives them the weight which a compact, united Aristocracy must have in a Conflict of disunited factions. The power that can throw the sword into the scale of promotion is the one that is to be courted. Our political Mecca lies at the South. That is the direction towards which the Faithful must bow themselves if they would have their devotions answered by a blessing.

And this is not that the majority of the Northern people are personally fond of Slavery, or desirous of extending its domain, so much as that they do not care enough about it to take the necessary pains to combat the one and prevent the other. The North is doing very well as matters stand. It is vital to the South that it should have a never-ending supply of slave-land to consume. Its appetite grows by what it feeds on, and that by the very essential necessities of its nature. Therefore, as long as the South will keep quiet and refrain from disturbing the existing quiescence by cries of "Disunion!" "We will have nothing more to do with the Selectmen of the Town!" "We won't let you protect us from our Slaves and pay our postage bills any longer!" "We will be Free and Disunited Paupers!" So a politician has no occasion to address himself to the North, if there were a North for him to address himself to, which Mr. Webster showed there was not—and then found, poor man, that there was no *South* for him either! The man who commands the confidence of the Slaveholders is sure of the support of the North, too. If the Slaveholders like two men equally well, then there may be a competition between them. But their approbation is essential to admission to the arena. The recognised agents of the Sovereign Power must *visé* the passport of every traveller desirous of reaching the land flowing with the Milk and Honey of Place and Power. So it is natural and necessary that the eyes of every aspirant should be fixed with fond devotion on the Islands of the Gulf, in Mexico and all South America, while their backs are resolutely turned to Canada, New Brunswick and Newfoundland. They press forward to the things that are before, forgetting the things that are behind. They may gulp down Islands and States and Continents in that direction; but let them not yearn for a slice of Northern territory. They will soon find themselves, if they should, in the extremity of the Giant told of by Rabelais, who was in the daily habit of breakfasting on Windmills, but was at last choked by a pound of melted butter.

If the "poor man who hangs on Prince's favours" is to be pitied, how much more the man who hangs on those of a capricious oligarchy of Flesh-mongers! Capricious as to their tools, fixed as Destiny as to their purpose. We presume Mr. Everett is as well qualified to be President as any man in the Nation; but is it possible that he can have read so ill the history of Presidential contests as to dream that he has a chance of success? Does he not know that fitness for the place is the last thing that is considered in reckoning the market value of the raw material of a President? It is how he will work up in the process, and not the shape in which he will come out from the manipulations of political manufacture, that is the question. Where were Calhoun and Clay and Webster? All rejected and passed by. And for whom? For Harrison, for Tyler, for Polk, for Taylor, for Fillmore, for Pierce! "Fine by degrees and beautifully less"—till the line reaches the vanishing point. As it has been so will it be again. Can Mr. Everett do more to conciliate the favour of the dominant power than Mr. Webster? Who was more humble in his prostrations before it? Who more swift in its service? Who offered up a more acceptable sacrifice of the avowed principles of his long life? Who devoured more of his own words to satisfy it? Who conquered his own prejudices, and those of other people, more effectually than he? Who had more assurances, and entertained a stronger assurance, of his reward? And yet where is he? In his family tomb at Marshfield, with a heart broken by the treachery of the Twenty-First of June, which turned him out naked and ridiculous to the contempt and derision of the nation. Not one Slaveholding vote to bless himself withal! What a lesson to Northern ambition! We hope Mr. Everett is incapable of paying the price Mr. Webster paid for his righteous disappointment; but if he be, he will find that it is the same juggling fiend that he will have to deal with, and that the promises it will make will be broken to the ear as well as to the hope.—E. Q.

SECTARIAN MENDACITY.

AS PILATE and Herod forgot their enmity for each other in their common efforts to malign and crucify the Son of God, so do modern sectarians, in spite of their mutual bickerings and animosities, strike hands for the purpose of hunting down Mr. Garrison and his friends. The Cincinnati *Christian Herald* and the Cincinnati *Christian Press*—the former an organ of New School Presbyterianism, and the latter a representative of that sort of Anti-Slavery which counsels secession from Churches that admit slaveholders to communion—afford an example of this fraternization for an unholy purpose. The *Press* has, for months, been employed in misrepresenting the Old Organized Abolitionists, with a view to convince the Anti-Slavery people of the West that they are all "infidels," whose object is not the overthrow of Slavery, but the destruction of the Bible, the Church, and all the institutions of religion. In this work of mendacity and mischief it counted upon the aid of the Free Soil papers of the West, but those papers have too much common sense and too much principle to lend themselves as the tools of religious bigotry and intolerance, and the Reverend defamer was left to pursue his object alone. Recently, however, the *Christian Herald* has come to its aid, in an article which, together with the *Press's* endorsement, we have copied under its appropriate head on the first page.

The *Press* appears to be quite delighted to find itself noticed by its Presbyterian neighbour, but alludes in a tone of complaint to the fact that other religious journals have not given it an "encouraging word." We, too, think it somewhat strange that such journals should not give aid and comfort to a brother engaged in so desperate a conflict. We can account for the silence of those religious papers which openly defend Slavery only by supposing that, badly as they hate Garrison themselves, they yet feel nothing but contempt for a professed Abolitionist who undertakes to commend himself to their favour by assailing the great pioneer of the Anti-Slavery Movement. Other religious journals, it may be, are silent from a conviction that an Anti-Slavery reputation may be won more easily, as well as more legitimately, by assailing Slavery itself than by joining the New York *Observer*, the New York *Herald*, and the "*Satanic Press*" generally, in a crusade against Garrison and his friends. And this view of the case we respectfully commend to the consideration of the *Christian Press* itself.

The accusations brought against Jesus by the Scribes and Pharisees were not more false than those which the *Christian Herald* and the *Christian Press* bring against the men whom they assail. Mr. Garrison, for instance, is said to "scoff at the Bible"—to "have far more hatred to the Bible than love for the slave," &c. Such expressions are as false in fact as they are malignant in purpose. They constitute the favourite slang of slaveholders, slave-breeders, and their apologists and defenders, from whose vocabulary the journals above named have borrowed them. There is not in them a particle of truth. No man ever heard Mr. Garrison "scoff at the Bible," or give any indication of "hatred" to it. We venture to say, on the contrary, that there are few clergymen even who read it more constantly or with greater delight, or who make so fitting a use of it in their public addresses, as Mr. Garrison does. With the Quakers and many other believers in Christianity—some of them, indeed, among the brightest lights of the Church—he denies the doctrine of plenary inspiration, believing that it is not taught in the Scriptures themselves. His views of this question he has never expressed on the Anti-Slavery platform, though he has done so, in the exercise of his individual freedom, elsewhere. To talk of him as ever having uttered "infidel ravings," *anywhere*, is to speak vulgarly as well as falsely; and to accuse him of carrying under an Anti-Slavery cloak "the drawn dagger of Atheism," is to utter a falsehood so utterly mean as to put the Devil himself to the blush.

The *Christian Herald* knows so little of the men whom it denounces that it describes Wendell Phillips as holding the religious views attributed to Parker and Garrison; when the truth is, that *he is a consistent Calvinist*. And he is not the only member of the Executive Committee of the American Society who holds to the same faith. The *Herald* contends, and so also does the *Christian Press*, that men cannot act with Mr. Garrison in an Anti-Slavery Society without making themselves responsible for his religious views. If this argument is sound, then it follows that they must also endorse the Calvanism of Mr. Phillips. What nonsense! Every sensible person knows that they endorse neither—that those who act together in an Anti-Slavery Society do not pretend to hold common sentiments on any other question than Slavery—and that they are responsible only for the principles and measures which the Society itself adopts. It is worthy of notice that the *Herald*, which is so ready to hold all those who act with Mr. Garrison responsible for all *his* opinions and acts, belongs to the class of papers which are ever taxing their ingenuity to show that the *Church* can take slaveholders to her bosom without making herself in any way accountable for their sins! "The legs of the lame are not equal."

We may as well remind the *Christian Press* that if it wishes to avoid for itself, and to lead others to avoid, the contamination which it dreads from contact with Theodore Parker, it must do more than repudiate the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends; it must withdraw from and denounce the Free Soil party, of which he is a prominent member. Is it willing to be tried by its own logic?

"UNCLE TOM" IN PHILADELPHIA.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN has been dramatised for the National Theatre in Philadelphia, where it is played nightly to crowded audiences. "B. B. P." (we can *guess* to whom these initials belong) writes to the *Liberator*, after seeing the play, as follows:

Many things marred the beauty of the piece, which the dramatist will change; but the impersonation of Uncle Tom, Topsy, Miss Ophelia, and Phineas Fletcher, compensated for many blemishes in the play, and, as far as may be, for the miserable representations of George Harris and Eliza. A large number of persons who do not frequent theatres were present, while every doorway, avenue and corner of the capacious building, from the stage to the roof, was crowded with the brawny populace, without coats, their heavy boots drawn characteristically over the trowsers, the hard lines of their faces softened by sympathy for the fugitive, or glowing with indignation against the pursuers, jeering the latter or encouraging the former by the united roar of stentorian lungs, restoring quiet by a simultaneous cry of "Order," that no word should be lost, and drowning the slightest hiss of disapprobation in shouts of applause. As I looked at the vast assembly, composed mainly of the very class which has mobbed the Abolitionists for the last twenty years, and heard them cheer the most ultra Anti-Slavery, I thought of Parker Pillsbury's saying, that "the theatres will receive the gospel of Anti-Slavery before the churches."

Every sentiment of freedom elicited applause. Where George Harris avows his intention to "be free or die"—where Phineas Fletcher declares his determination to help Harris at all hazards, or where he demands an apology of the slave-hunter for asking him to join in the "nigger business"—where he defaces the placard advertising the fugitive, and avows his intention to serve the man who posted it "just so"—where he misleads, entraps and defeats the hunters, breaking their heads, and rolling them down the rocks—all these points were received with tremendous applause; while the slave-hunter's assertion that he had "law on his side," produced no little derision and hissing.

Legree was quite well played; the moral resistance offered by Uncle Tom to the pirate's purposes was highly appreciated. Eva was prettily personated, and the audience grew to higher knowledge of the truth in view of her relation to Uncle Tom, and they melted to tears at her early death.

On the whole, the play was eminently successful, and one may infer a hopeful change in public sentiment, when they see three thousand persons unconsciously accepting Anti-Slavery truth; hundreds of boys—incipient rowdies, growing up to become the mobocracy of another generation, but preparing unwittingly to "*mob on the right side;*" and I could not help thinking, that before we hold our third decade in Philadelphia, Abolitionists may have to intercede to save slaveholders and slave-hunters from the fury of the mob, so long directed against us.

The people are the natural conservators of right, subject to misdirection, both as to the perception of it, and the true means to promote it. They will perceive and acknowledge their obligations to freedom, long before they admit the highest means of fulfilling them; and we may expect a cycle of mob violence *for* Anti-Slavery, as there has been against it.

The "dramatic era" of Uncle Tom is Humanity's special compensation for the Fugitive Slave Law, meeting the latter in the popular heart, and changing the materials for the "Marshal's posse" into fitness to become a body-guard of the fugitive. So be it!

AN UNPREJUDICED WITNESS.

REV. ROBERT ALLYN, a Methodist clergyman, belonging to the Providence Conference, in a letter to *Zion's Herald*, the organ of the Methodists of New England, describes in a very candid as well as graphic manner, some of the scenes which occurred in the World's Temperance Convention. Such a witness would naturally be inclined to put the best possible construction upon the conduct of his clerical brethren. That our readers may see that the picture we gave was not coloured by prejudice, we give an extract from his testimony. He divides the Convention into three classes, of which the third are those who call themselves Reformers. He proceeds:

Some of these are amiable and judicious; but the other classes are dreadfully afraid of them. The old workers on the Temperance platform are as really terrified at the idea of Wendell Phillips, Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, Lucy Stone, and others of that ilk labouring with them, as they would be of Satan himself. The clergymen, who were specially numerous in the first two classes, were as sensitive about this third class as the proverb says a woman is on the subject of her age; and, with all due deference to their cloth, I must say that many of them proved that piety does not necessarily imply or confer common sense.

The Convention opened, and Neal Dow was chosen Chairman,, a choice eminently befitting, as the principal business was to discuss the *Maine Law*. But after this choice of Chairman, there came a world of confusion. A delegate offered a resolution recognising persons of every age, sex, colour, or condition, as entitled to seats. And this raised an awful commotion. The Convention was a scene of the most indescribable confusion. Congregational clergymen in white cravats, jumped on the benches and waved whiter handkerchiefs' and screamed themselves hoarse in bawling at one another, till they had *proved* the subject in hand—that is to say, till they had demonstrated the eminent whiteness of their handkerchiefs. This confusion was rendered doubly ridiculous by the attempt of Rev. Miss Brown to speak. She asked if she was a member of the Convention, and Neal Dow, like a gallant and honourable man as he is, decided that according to the call she was, and had a right to speak. This very plain and sensible decision came down upon the members like the great wind called Euroclydon.

Everybody *talked*, and of course *nobody* heard—everybody declared that *he* was calm, and denounced everybody else for getting excited. Only Miss B. was calm and self-possessed, and stood upon the platform surrounded by ranting, raving men, with a self-satisfied air—almost like patience on a monument. This storm at last blew over a little, and the conservatives made out to pass a resolution which excluded women from the platform. When 500 men—some of them ministers of the Gospel—had driven one woman, apparently more talented than they, from the platform, "order once more reigned in Warsaw," and the Convention looked as wise as owls. A similar scene of confusion and bitterness broke up all business on Wednesday morning. And I must be allowed here to express my utter contempt for all such littleness and narrowness of views as the Convention manifested on the subject of women's speaking publicly on Temperance. It seemed to be thought that if Rev. Miss Brown should address us on woman's right to be protected by law against the rumseller, that the whole Temperance cause would be killed, and 500 clergymen acted as bad as rowdies to save that cause from disgrace. I do not see how they are consistent—but that is hardly my business. I will say that one from New England interrupted Miss Brown twenty times (it was counted), and insulted her with a coarse epithet, in the day-time, and in the evening of the same day said that *the cause could not be sustained a day without woman's heartiest co-operation!* Perhaps women would do better not to speak from the public platform; but when they can preach and talk as well as Rev. Miss Brown, I shall give up the responsibility of the matter to them and to God. If He calls them to be public speakers, and they hear and obey the call, I shall not undertake to put them down.

A CONVERTED SLAVEHOLDER.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING, an Agent of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, writing from Georgetown, Harrison Co., Ohio, says:

We held meeting Saturday afternoon in Friends' Meeting-house, near Joseph Cope's, and two on Sunday, in the Methodist house, at Georgetown. This place, we are told, has been quite notorious for its Anti-Slavery character, but between Orthodox Quakerism and Politics, its Abolitionism proper, has been nearly starved out. There remains, however, an honest Anti-Slavery sentiment in the form of Free Soil, that is set to do its utmost to denationalize Slavery, and then there are some who as men, are Abolitionists—as Free Soilers, only Anti-Slavery men.

We dined at the house of Mr. H——, who had been a Virginia Slaveholder—had some years ago sold his slaves, and moved into Ohio, and was acting upon the principle, that whatever he had received from the sale of slaves, should be faithfully returned for their benefit, to the Anti-Slavery cause. He said he was an old man *now*, and his deepest regret was, that he lived so long without reflection. The *first thought*, he said, upon the *character* of Slavery, changed his whole course of action, and from that time to this, his life had been one of reflection and change. He said his Anti-Slavery was often the source of great grief to him, and our meeting had wrung from him the would-be-forgotten acts of cruelty that he had so often witnessed toward the poor slave. It required, he said, no stretch of credulity in him or any other man who had lived in Slavery, with *any* moral vision, to believe Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom, while the precedent of such facts as the following, among many others exist.

He told us he was one day standing among a company of slaves, when the master observed that a pair of bars were down, leading, perhaps, into some grain. Tom, said he, how came those bars down? Ned left them down, that's the how—replied Tom. For that insolence he was tied to a tree near by, and in presence of our friend, whipped till the blood ran down his naked, quivering flesh some distance from his feet.

He said he recognised most fully the character of Legree, in the person of a Rev. Joseph Glass, of Frederic County, Virginia, who, among a most inhuman catalogue of crimes, shut up and whipt a woman (for purposes he did not name), so brutally that in a few hours afterward she was found dead in the cellar where he had left her. A few days imprisonment and a partial examination, satisfied the Church and the Slaveholders of his innocence, and he continued to preach. Some time after, a virulent Fever attacked and brought him near to death. After a partial recovery, he wished to ride out and see how things were going on, on his plantation, and finding, as he thought, an occasion for the exercise of his cherished passion, he dismounted, and having no slave-whip with him, he cut one from a tree, with which he exhausted, and satisfied as far as his strength would allow, his caprice and pent-up malignity, and in utter prostration, from rage, returned home, and within a few hours, died.

"FREEDOM NATIONAL, SLAVERY LOCAL."

THE words above quoted have become an axiom with our Free Soil friends. HON. CHARLES SUMNER repeated them, lately, in a letter to the Massachusetts Free Democratic Convention. They are plausible, but deceptive. Read what the *Liberator* says in its notice of Mr. Sumner's letter.

We do not clearly understand how national freedom is compatible or possible with sectional Slavery, and both equally protected by the Constitution. Mr. Sumner says that now Slavery is National, and Freedom Sectional; yet he would go back to the starting point of the Government, to obtain a reversal of this shameful state of things—as though cause and effect had not been indissolubly connected throughout that period—as though the tree had not produced legitimate fruit—as though half a million of slaves, retained in bondage at the time of the formation of the government, and made the subject of constitutional bargain and compromise, should not, in seventy years, be increased to three and a half millions—and as though six slave States should not be multiplied to fifteen, during that period, in the general growth of the nation! To talk of trying that experiment over again, as the method of restraining or abolishing Slavery, is as hopeful as was the effort of the frog to get out of the well by jumping up two feet, and falling back three. To think of driving the Slave Power into the position it occupied in 1787, is simply infatuation. "The establishment of this principle," says Mr. Sumner, "carrying with it the suppression of the unconstitutional usurpations of Slavery in the national territories, in the national District of Columbia, in the national sanction of the coastwise slave trade, and in that crowning national enormity, the Fugitive Slave Bill, will finally remove the whole subject of Slavery from the sphere of national politics." Now, we should like to see the experiment made in all these particulars. We beg Mr. Sumner and Mr. Chase, in their place in the U. S. Senate—we implore our Free Democratic brethren generally—to go forward, at the next session of Congress, and boldly take the bull by the horns—call for the suppression of the coastwise slave trade, for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia and in the territories, and for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law; and we will not only guarantee them the liveliest excitement, but be among the foremost to applaud them for their courage and consistency. Still, in all these specifications, it will be seen that no vital blow is struck at the slave system. While that system is permitted to exist, all attempts to break up the slave traffic, whether costwise or internal, will assuredly prove abortive. With Slavery in the States—with the slave representation in Congress—the Free Democracy do not propose to meddle. Well, one thing at a time! Begin with any one of the points of attack suggested by Mr. Sumner, and make a vigorous assault upon it, and—friends of the Free Democracy!—we will endeavour to possess our souls in patience, until it shall be made manifest, even to your short-sighted vision, that the dissolution of the Union is essential to the overthrow of Slavery, and therefore the only vital issue at the present time

APOLOGY FOR DELAWARE.

DELAWARE, as our readers all know, is a slave State. Many of its intelligent citizens see and lament the evils which the system of Slavery has entailed upon the people, and yet they lack the clear perception, the devotion to principle, and the moral courage necessary to an open warfare against it. The agricultural, mechanical and commercial advantages of the State are naturally very great, but the existence of Slavery has kept her in the back-ground as compared with the free Commonwealth whose territory forms her northern boundary. If her slaves were set free, and she were annexed to Pennsylvania, her soil, much of which is now worn out and neglected, would be greatly enhanced in value. The cheapness of the land has induced immigration, to some extent, within the last few years, from the free States; but most northern people have decided objections to settling in a slave State. The opponents of Slavery in Delaware, however, are anxious to promote such immigration, preferring to abolish the system gradually by such means, rather than by an open assault, which would involve a degree of self-denial and courage to which they are hardly equal. We are reminded of this by the following article, which we copy from the Wilmington *Republican* of the 22d ultimo.

RATHER SINGULAR.—We are informed that a number of gentlemen residing in New York and other States, who have been making inquiries in regard to the land in our State, decline purchasing on the ground that Slavery is allowed by our laws. One gentleman in writing to a friend in this city, gave as an objection to locating in this county, that he had been informed that we were only half civilized, basing his remark, we suppose, on the fact that the pillory and whipping post were still tolerated among us. Such objections may have their weight among strangers, but surely our people generally will be surprised to learn that they are thus looked on by other States.

For the enlightenment of these gentlemen we will remark that it is true that Slavery is permitted by our laws, but it exists in its mildest form, and in this county it is merely nominal. Kent is not far behind in this respect, and the institution is rapidly dying out in Sussex. We do not know that a single person in this city has a slave for life, and but very few in the county are so held. In every section of the State the owners of the farms and their sons labour just as diligently as they do in any of the free States, and a stranger passing along any of our highways could discover no difference between the labourers engaged in the fields from those he may see in Pennsylvania or New Jersey. A person may reside in this city for years and witness no scene, no outrage, no excitement, to remind him that Slavery existed. In this county the matter can be discussed among individuals with the greatest freedom, and in this city public lecturers allow themselves the largest liberty without being interfered with or molested. In fact there are few places where public sentiment is more liberal, or where better order is preserved. No one need allow his Anti-Slavery feelings to prevent him settling in Delaware.

The charge of being only half civilized is entirely unwarranted. Our public school system is equal to that in any of the adjoining States; the number who cannot read and write is no larger than is found in similar districts in the free States, and our State, New Castle County particularly, is rapidly increasing in wealth and population. In associating with our citizens very little, if any, difference can be discovered between them and the people of Chester County, who have been noted for their intelligence, thrift and industry. There are few finer or richer agricultural districts than New Castle County, and perhaps there is no other in our Union, of the same extent, where so large an amount of agricultural machinery is employed. These things indicate that we are not far behind our neighbours in intelligence and civilisation. The whipping post and pillory have many opponents and were it not for the expense of a penitentiary, they would have very few advocates. Those who are opposed to them should settle among us and use their influence to have them abolished.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, says the *Evangelist*, has been generously presented, by a few of the wealthy members of his congregation, who appreciate his services highly enough to desire their preservation by due recreation, with some $15,000, for the purchase of a country-seat for summer residence. Mr. B. has accordingly purchased a farm in the beautiful town of Lenox, Mass., whereon he will erect a cottage for the occupancy of himself and family during the summer months. Solomon has said that "a gift blindeth the eyes;" but as we happen to know that the men who have made this generous provision for Mr. Beecher are among those who admire most of all the *reformatory* element in his character, and that they have made it neither to blind his eyes nor shut his mouth, but to take away the temptation that comes from poverty, so that he may see more clearly and speak more freely than ever, we shall cherish the hope that the old saying will not in this instance prove true.

MR. GARRISON announces, in last week's *Liberator*, that it is his intention to make an Anti-Slavery tour to the West, in the course of a few days, having been irresistibly importuned to do so by the friends of the cause in that great field of labour. He expects to be absent about six weeks. He will endeavour to be present at the National Woman's Rights Convention, which is to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5th and 6th; and to arrive in Adrian, Michigan, on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 8th.

We congratulate our Western friends upon the prospect of seeing and hearing—many of them for the first time—the faithful and vigilant pioneer of the Anti-Slavery Movement. We doubt not that his visit will be the means of diffusing much light, of softening many prejudices, and adding new strength to the tie that binds the hearts of Western Abolitionists to their brethren in the East.

REV. DR. DUFFIELD, of Detroit, recently returned from England and the East, expressed himself, in an address before the Presbytery, "as more than ever convinced of the soundness of his peculiar views of prophecy and literalism in reference to the Scriptures—

The names are well enough; the Hards were terrified at the idea of swallowing their principles; the Softs had no scruples of this or any other kind, and were willing to swallow anything that was buttered with office. The Hards pretend to be guided by principle, and make a decent show of regard for consistency. The Softs attempt no such gross deception, but show plainly that they do not think it worth while to seem to be honest.

——Gen. Pierce was elected by a union of factions, among which were the Secessionists of the South and the Barnburners of the North, both of whom had been equally hostile to the Compromises. This union was effected upon the understanding that the offices were to be distributed impartially, and without reference to past controversies, among all those who accepted the platform. Now it is worthy of note, that while Jefferson Davis, a Southern Disunionist, who had opposed the Compromise because it did not go far enough for Slavery, was admitted to a seat in the Cabinet whose opposition to the Compromise had rested on *Anti-Slavery* grounds, was denied a place in the Cabinet, *promised* the appointment of Minister to France, put into the insubordinate office of Sub-Treasurer by way of probation, and required to write a letter renouncing his Free Soil heresies in order to propitiate the slaveholders; and yet, after all his humiliation, he is likely to be cheated of the French Mission as he was of a Cabinet appointment! The moral of this is, that it is always safe for a Southern man to rebel against party for the sake of Slavery, but very dangerous for a Northern man to do the same thing for the sake of freedom.

——The hypocrisy of the Barnburners in adopting the Baltimore platform and the Fugitive Slave Law is thus hit off in the *Tribune:*

We entirely agree with the *Evening Post* and its echoes that the Resolves of the late Soft Convention at Syracuse with respect to the Fugitive Slave Law and its adjuncts in fact mean nothing and amount to nothing. They are like the Indian's string of Scripture names, which he reeled off unbidden to an astonished missionary, when, being asked what *he could* mean by such a jargon, he frankly replied that he meant Cider. So the Soft Resolves aforesaid mean Cider—all that can be drained from both the National and State hogsheads—that, and nothing more. Here were Secretary Marcy, Gov. Seymour, and all the other cider-dispensers, at once coaxing and threatening them—"Endorse the Slave Platform, and we can do everything for you; reject it, and we are all gone suckers together. Pray, don't hesitate, but bolt it at once, and make as wry faces as you please afterward. It is only a form." So they put it down, and the *Union* seems to feel much better for the operation. It is thus that many a dose of nauseous physic, which seemed to do no good at all to the patient, did yet answer a very good purpose for the doctor.

The Providence *Journal* gives them the following:

The New York *Post* has a pleasant way of getting over the resolutions passed by the Soft Convention endorsing the fugitive slave law. It says that people are expected to vote for the candidates, not for the platform; and justifies the total abandonment of principle manifested in the platform, by saying that everybody knows that the men who passed the resolutions were not honest in voting for them; that not one in ten of them would act up to what he had declared! For the truth of this, the Barnburner organ may well point to the course of its faction and to the position of its leading men, to John Van Buren's fraternization with Slavery, and the letter of Mr. Dix placing himself square on the Baltimore platform, especially upon the fugitive slave law.

TEMPERANCE.

John B. Gough, it is now said, will remain in England till June next, the demand for his labours in that country being so extensive and pressing as, in the opinion of his friends, to justify such a change in his plans.

——The women in Vernon, Jennings Co., Indiana, made a crash of the decanters of two groggeries in that place, on the 10th inst., and then quietly retired. The grogsellers afterwards employed some of their customers to stand sentry with loaded muskets. Says the Vernon *Whig Banner:* While these worthies were upon duty, one of them, who had probably taken too much, caught a fall, by which his musket was accidentally discharged. This unexpected report so alarmed the other heroes that they raised the cry, "the women are coming! they have shot Jim!!"—and away they went, for dear life, without even snapping their muskets.

——The Philadelphia *Register* says: "Rev. Mr. Chambers, in his address to the ladies and clergymen at Concert Hall, on Thursday afternoon, spoke of visiting Taylor's Saloon, when in New York, and declared it the most splendid of the saloons in the world, and said he saw ladies there, with all the boldness imaginable, sitting, with tumblers and straws, and, though they had been *weaned* 30 or 40 years, *they were sucking still.* Rather a hard hit on the ladies of New York. Mr. Chambers is for excluding the ladies from all places where they would meet with vulgar company; for instance, drinking saloons and Convention platforms."

——A Correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Paterson, N. J., and giving an account of a Temperance meeting lately held in that place, says:

In the evening, one of the largest churches in the city was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the faces were of the earnest, sober, determined stamp. But what was more alarming to old fogies than all else in this meeting was the "*desecration of the Platform*" Do you believe it, reader, the officers of this great gathering, not having the fear of *Revs.* John Marsh and John Chambers before their eyes, actually invited *ladies* to take part in the public exercises, and the clerical gentlemen present, instead of crying out "*Petticoats,*" and leaping from the stand, *a la Chambers*, actually participated with the ladies. Yes, the clergy prayed; Culver and Greely spoke, and the ladies——sang beautifully, and nobody cried "*Shame!*" Rev. Johns, look to it Your craft is in danger. Better trot out your bob to Paterson.

—— It gives us pleasure to notice any movement of the clergy in favour of reform. We often have occasion to rebuke them for their short-comings, and any sign that they are making progress is cheering. We therefore state, with peculiar satisfaction, that the clergy of Philadelphia, assembled in general Convention, appointed a Committee to draft an address in favour of the Maine Law; that an excellent address was accordingly prepared and published in the papers under the signatures of seven clergymen of as many different denominations, viz.: O. S. Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran, N. S. Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Dutch Reformed. What proportion of the clergymen of the city took part in the movement is not stated.

——'Usage, immemorial Usage,' was the plea of the clerical rowdies and their backers for refusing Antoinette Brown a hearing in the World's Convention. The *Tribune's* answer is pertinent:

So far is it from being the truth that uniform usage has *excluded* Woman from the public platform, that it would be nearer the truth to aver that she had been *never* thus excluded down to the meeting of the Chambers Marsh Convention in Metropolitan Hall this week. All must know that Woman is a habitual speaker in the public meetings of the Friends or Quakers, one of the most intelligent, wealthy and moral denominations of Christians; that she speaks also in the smaller meetings of Methodists and other denominations. That she has for years been prominent on the Temperance platform, we have already shown. Mrs. Mary Jackson, who spoke at the Metropolitan last week, has been an approved Temperance speaker in England for the last twenty years, and the fitness and acceptability of her addresses were never questioned there. And if Temperance usage is too low authority for Chambers and Cary, we may remark that we saw Queen Victoria make a speech to thirty thousand people in the first World's Fair, and not one human being among Great Britain's twenty-odd millions hinted or seemed to imagine that there was anything improper or unladylike in her doing so. Had she possessed the talent of Lucy Stone or Antoinette Brown, she might have made a better and perhaps a longer speech; but she did really well, and all seemed very glad to hear her. She was under no necessity of making this any more than her speeches to Parliament, which she may do by commission, but has often chosen to deliver them in person.

So much for the fact; but suppose Gen. Cary's argument had been true—what then? Here is a claim of right—the right of a constituency to be heard through its own delegate—the right of that delegate to represent it: if uniform usage *had* debarred Women from speaking—what then? Is Right nothing and Usage everything? Nay: What is the Temperance cause itself but a revolt against immemorial and almost uniform Usage, in behalf of Humanity? "Men have always drank Intoxicating Beverages," pleads the bibber. "Then they have always done wrong," replies Gen. Cary, from the rostrum, "and should quit it at once." So say Chambers and Hewitt; so say we all. With what face, then, do they turn so short a corner as to gag an undisputed delegate to their Convention because (if that were the fact) there is a usage adverse to Women's speaking?

—— The Executive Committee of the New York Women's State Temperance Society have adopted the following plan of action, which they wish all papers friendly to the cause to publish:

1. We recommend to the women of every town, village and city, throughout the State, to immediately form themselves into temporary organizations with the view of bringing their influence to bear upon voters, during the election campaign, in relation to Maine Law principles at the ballot-box; and that they also consider the feasibility of organising in a form that may readily be rendered permanent.

2. That these town, city, and village organizations be subdivided into school-district and ward organizations, in order that the operations may be so simplified that a personal and direct influence may be brought to bear on every man possessing the right of the elective franchise—these sub-organizations to report to their respective town, village, and city organizations.

3. That the manner of exerting this influence be by the extensive distribution of Temperance reading, by personal visitation and conversation, and by the holding of meetings, when the necessity of political action may be fully explained, and such appeals as only *women* can make, addressed to those who have the power to free her from the great sufferings which result to her from Intemperance.

4. That a Committee be appointed from the Executive Committee of the Women's State Temperance Society, or of women prominently and actively engaged in this reform in the State of New York, to whom, for the sake of general concert of action, the town, city and village organization, may report progress from time to time.

5. That this Committee be requested to designate to the sub-committee of the Executive Committee of the Women's State Temperance Society, appointed for that purpose, a time, just previous to the election, when they shall think it best to call a State Convention of Temperance women.

6. That previous to this State Convention the General Committee address letters to the candidates nominated for seats in the State Legislature, requesting of them a candid avowal of their principles in regard to Maine Law Legislation, and that the answer received be presented to the Convention.

7. That the action of the Convention upon these replies should not be denunciatory, but that resolutions stating the determination of the women of the State to exert their influence *for Maine Law candidates*, and *against* Anti-Maine Law candidates, be passed and efficiently acted upon.

8. We recommend that the women of the State, so far as practicable, go by committees, or en masse, to the polls, on the day of election "armed and equipped" with Maine Law tickets, which they shall distribute as generally as may be, entreating and advising their use.

9. That the appended form of petition be generally circulated by the above organizations and others interested in the movement, and forwarded at a time which shall be hereafter designated to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mrs. D. C. Alling, of Rochester, who will arrange the time for presentation:

To the Legislature of the State of New York:

The undersigned, women of the town of and county of being deeply impressed with a sense of the great wrongs inflicted upon humanity by the sale of intoxicating drinks—feeling that our rights are trampled upon, our friends corrupted and destroyed, our homes desolated, ourselves and our children beggared, our dearest hopes crushed, and our brightest anticipations blasted by the great destroyer, Alcohol—most earnestly appeal to your Honourable Body for relief and protection. We pray you to pass a law that shall prohibit, under suitable and sufficient penalties, the sale or gift of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, and that shall authorize and require the proper officers of the law, to seize and destroy all intoxicating liquors kept to be sold, or given away, in violation of law.

The following are the names of the Committee appointed under the 4th sub-division of the above plan —Mary C. Vaughan, Amelia Bloomer and Mrs. H. W Williams.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

John P. Hale, in his speech at Syracuse, having uttered a sentiment to which his hearers responded very earnestly and loudly, gave them this caution. "Be very careful how you get warm on the subject, be very cool when you tell it at home, because if your wife should let your bosom throb a little too quickly, you may shake the platform of the two great parties" (laughter).

——Mr. Matlack, editor of the *Wesleyan*, writing from Cincinnati, recently, and speaking of a ride in the suburbs, says:

On a fine site in Clifton stands Judge McLean's house. It is now being enlarged and beautified under the direction of one of the most rabid Abolitionists. The late decision of the Judge, affirming the constitutionality of the Fugitive Law, is much criticised and censured here. As an offset to his position, it is an interesting fact that Mrs. McLean is a good Abolitionist. She helps and hides fugitives, if her husband does "deliver up" others.

——The *National Intelligencer*, in an article under the head of "Reminiscences of the Present Century," recalls the history of a fugitive slave bill which was calmly discussed in Congress in 1818. The bill passed the House, 84 to 69. In the Senate it was discussed for some days in a like liberal spirit; an amendment limiting its duration to four years was adopted by the casting vote of the Vice President; it was then passed as amended, 17 and 18 and went back to the House. The House twice refused to take up the bill again, the first time by a vote of 68 to 73, and it thus fell through simply from want of concurrence in the two bodies in the limit to its operations. At the session of 1821-2 the subject was resumed, but the session was closed without action upon the bill.

——William Wirt said that overseers of slaves were of the "lowest *feculum* of human beings." A correspondent of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) compliments them in a somewhat different way:

"I am glad that most of the overseers are in favour of the missionary operations among the blacks, and some are so much so that rather than have no preaching where they are, they would pay the expense themselves. Often the owner lives hundreds of miles from the plantation, and leaves the entire management of his people in the overseer's hands, and thus a large measure of responsibility; and were it his desire or suggestion that the missionary be invited to come among them, it would not be denied."

The value of the preaching which the overseers of the plantations are likely to tolerate, our readers will need no aid in estimating. It is, of course, of the sort which fortifies the power of the master by appeals to the ignorance and superstition of the slaves.

——Mr. Matlack, Editor of the *Wesleyan*, while on a visit to a friend in Morrow Co., Ohio, called on a family of coloured people, who own 100 acres of land. Their history is interesting. A few generations back, when the Indians were leaving the South in large numbers, for the West, there was one, a squaw, remained behind, and by villainy was claimed and held as a slave. For three generations her descendants were slaves. One of them, however, was shrewd, and found means to improve his opportunities so as to learn that his great grandmother was a free woman, and, per consequence, all her descendants were free. A suit was instituted and issued favourably. No less than 84 persons were declared free by the decision of the court. Among them, says Mr. M., was the father of the family we visited. He remained in the South a long time, married a slave and had several children. These were slaves by the inhuman code that makes every slaveholder a man thief whenever a child is born. He finally paid for his own wife and children $1,200 and went to Ohio.

——Wm. T. Pindell, of Boston, a coloured man, has communicated to the *Commonwealth* the particulars of the expulsion of his son from one of the public schools in Boston. It appears that the child is an intelligent, well-disposed little boy of five years of age, and so white that the trustees did not discover that he belonged to the proscribed race when they brought him into the school. But the keen scent of the teacher, Miss Sarah A. Turner, nosed the fact out, and applied to the trustees to have him removed, without a word of complaint from any source whatever; which object she effected by the force of "the laws of the State," and against the will and wish of the Superintendent. The little boy was making fine progress in his studies; but all to no purpose. Through the columns of the *Commonwealth*, the father of the little boy thus gives vent to his honest indignation at the wanton insult:

"The whole proceeding is another in the long train of outrage, insult, and injustice, heaped upon the heart of innocent childhood struggling for manly elevation.

"If citizens of Boston are to suffer such indignities, and those who perpetrate them are to be sustained by the authorities and tolerated by the community, what interest am I to have in my country but to curse it, and teach my boy to curse it, and with it all the parties who thus put their foot on his neck to crush out his aspirations for manhood.

"As our laws, government and courts are now constituted, there is no redress for such indignities, but to invoke public scorn upon such petty tyranny and upon its perpetrators. Let the public judge of the heart of a woman who could commit such an outrage on a beautiful and intelligent boy of five years, as well dressed, as cleanly, as any other child in the city, and scarce a shade darker than one half of the children in the school, and but half a shade darker than the teacher who has done it."

SUMMARY

Grace Greenwood's new juvenile paper in Philadelphia is to be called the *Little Pilgrim*. Its motto, the language of the poet, will be "Our Pilgrim fathers, where are they?"

——Professor Agassiz.—Professor Agassiz has relinquished his connection with the Charleston College in South Carolina, where he has, for a few years past, spent the winter months, and is now engaged, for twenty entire weeks annually, in the service of the Massachusetts Board of Education.

——Didn't Know Him.—A South Bostonian, three years in California, came home with a basket of peaches, and offered to sell them to his wife at her house; she haggled about the price, and refused to buy, and then he went off and got a neighbour to come and introduce him to his spouse.—*Times.*

——Female College.—Miss Mary S. Legare, sister of the late Hugh S. Legare, of South Carolina, has given $1,000 to the Des Moines College in Iowa, and $3,000 for a Female College in the same place. The latter will open in November next, with Miss L. as its Principal, and Professor of Literature and the Modern Languages.

——Apostacy.—The distinguished American who recently gave in his adherence to the Papal church while at Rome, turns out to be not Senator Douglass, as first surmised, but the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, one of the Pennsylvania delegation, whose wife has long been a member of that communion.

——An Old Bible.—Dr. J. Newell, of Harvard, in this county (a descendant of the old English martyr, John Rogers), has in his possession one of the oldest Bibles in this country. It is printed in the Latin tongue, at Geneva, by Petrum Santandreanum, A D. MDLXXXIII (1583), 270 years ago.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

——Strikes and Women.—Seven Pittsburgh publishers, owing to a demand by the printers attached to the Typographical Society for higher wages than they are willing to give, are advertising for the services of intelligent young women, of fair English education, to act as compositors.

——A correspondent of the *National Democrat* commences a letter to the Editor thus:

"My Dear Burr: Did you ever go down the rapids?"

If all stories are true, the *National Democrat* is *going down the rapids at a very rapid rate.*

——A Female Kidnapper.—The Evansville *Journal* says that a woman from the South recently attempted to kidnap a little coloured orphan child from the almshouse in that city. She was discovered with her prey on a steamboat which was just leaving the wharf. The child was rescued, and the woman held to answer.

——Seven Children at One Birth.—*Mississippi against the World!*—The most astonishing parturition recorded in the annals of the human race, we are informed, occurred last week in the vicinity of Salem, Tappay county, in this State. Our information is from a gentleman of veracity, who states that a lady of that neighbourhood has just become the mother of *seven children at one birth.—Mississippi Times.*

——Liberia.—The Newark *Daily Mercury* says that Rev. Mr. Rogers, a worthy member of the Newark Presbytery, is making preparations to visit Liberia, with the view of examination as to the soil, climate and its desirableness as a place of residence for the coloured population. The examination that Mr. Rogers will make, and the report that he will bring back, will be regarded as entirely reliable by his brethren.

——"The Boy who would rather Die than Steal."—The Chicago *Press* contains a call signed by a large number of citizens, addressed to those who wish to perpetuate the remembrance of a noble deed by contributing to the proposed monument to Knud Iverson, the Norwegian boy, who was lately drowned by some other boys for refusing to steal fruit. They want $1,000.

——Female Physicians.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* says: "The success of Dr. Caroline Brown in the practice of the medical profession, has already had a sensible effect on the ladies in the country round about Cincinnati. Six young ladies, of good families and superior education, have applied for admission to the Eclectic Medical College at the approaching term."

—— Man Shot by a Young Woman.—In South Carrolton, Muhlenburg County, Ky., a young lady of good character, daughter of Col. Wilson, having been calumniated by a young man, called upon him, armed with a revolver, accompanied by her father. The slanderer could not or did not deny his allegations, whereupon she fired, inflicting a dangerous if not a fatal wound in his throat.

—— We learn that one of the most talented and popular of the Orthodox clergymen in this city, at the "Union Meeting" on Sabbath evening, thanked God that so many fugitive slaves were running away, and that He put it into the heads of so many of his people to encourage them, and help them to run away. The four old hunkers in this city, and the Union Safety Committee are requested to notice this fact, and say what they intend to do about it.—*Mass. Spy.*

—— Death of the Zoarite Prophet.—The founder of the Zoarite socialist community, Tuscarawas county, Ohio, Joseph Bimelar, died at an advanced age, on the 20th ult. He had been prophet, priest and king over the Zoarites for nearly half a century. Thirty-seven years ago they emigrated from Germany—poor, friendless strangers. By economy, unity and industry, the body have accumulated immense wealth They number about 240 souls, and 45 heads of families. They are supposed to be worth a million of dollars.

—— An ecclesiastical council was held in Reading, Mass., recently, which installed over the Bethesda Church and Society Rev. W. H. Beecher, late of Chillicothe, Ohio. The sermon was preached by Rev. T. K. Beecher; the prayer of installation offered by Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher; the charge given by Rev. Dr Stowe; the righthand of fellowship by Rev. W. J. Budington; and the address to the people by Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher.

——One of the uses of the epidemic at New Orleans may be to show that Northern fellow feeling is not exclusively confined to the coloured race or fugitives from bondage; especially since the largest, or one of the largest, subscriptions for the relief of the suffering, has come from a most noted Abolitionist (Gerrit Smith), a gentleman not connected with the South by any business relations, and having no inducement to give beyond the dictates of his benevolence.—*Christian Register.*

——An Active Young Lady.—The present editress of the magazine conducted by the factory girls at Lowell—a Miss Farley—writes to a friend: "I am proprietor of the New England *Offering*. I do all the publishing, editing, canvassing, and as it is bound at my office, I can, in a hurry, help fold, cut covers, stich, &c. I have a little girl to assist me in the folding, stiching, &c.; the rest, after it comes from the printer's hands, is all my own work. I employ no agents, and depend upon no one for assistance. My edition is four thousand."

——A Remarkable Water Drinker.—The Boston *Medical Journal* has an account of a man who is supposed to be the greatest drinker among men in America, if not on the globe. He is living, in excellent health, at the age of 58 years, and is in a state of perpetual thirst. Under ordinary circumstances three gallons of water is rather a short daily allowance for him, and it would be impossible, it seems, for him to live through the night with less than a pailful. With this immense amount of cold water daily poured into the stomach, Mr. Webb has been in good health and spirits.

——Can't account for the Milk in the Cocoa-nut.—The Natchez *Mirror* in noticing the fact that Mrs. Stowe makes from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars out of Uncle Tom's Cabin, says: "Mr. Fletcher has written the ablest, most learned and critical defence of Slavery which has ever appeared in print, and it will bring the publisher in debt; while the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has just arrived, is going off rapidly."

——A First Rate Notice.—The *Syracuse Journal* draws the following fraternal picture of a soft shell delegate to the Democratic Convention:

"We picked out one of the beauties as the subject of a menial daguerreotype. He was mechanically fingering his bare neck and feeling under his left ear. His image sunk into our souls. *All the Ten Commandments* had stamped the impress of *their broken fragments on each particular feature.* We couldn't safely trust that man to be merciful to a Quaker lady or a superannuated clergyman."

——We have many misgivings about *some things* in the woman's movement, but there are some *other* things, about which we have *no* doubt. One is that the style in which it has universally assailed will only give fresh impulse to the cause. And another—that the men who now permit themselves to treat American wives and mothers with such shameful indignity, will be very anxious, in a few years, to wash there hands of a responsibility involving so much disgrace, or failing in this, to sink their connection with these proceedings in everlasting oblivion.—*Syracuse Chronicle.*

——Mount Washington in its Glory.—Friday, Aug. 29, was the great day of the season on Mount Washington. The purity of the atmosphere was such, that soon after sunrise the visitors on the summit counted 160 sail of vessels on the blue Atlantic. The spires of the churches in the City of Portland, 80 or 90 miles distant, were distinctly visible; over 40 miles of lakes, including Winnipiseogee and Moose Head, lay like gems of molten silver set in emerald. For years, such a day has been looked for by the managers of a coast survey, and we presume a dozen repeating observations were made from Mount Blue and other stations, with those superb instruments of Professor Bache, of which he may well be proud. From the summit of Mount Washington, a telescope sweeps the entire horizon. This point will be brought into use ere long by astronomical science, and this spot become the centre of scientific observation for the continent.—*State of Maine.*

——"Put it in the Bill."—The following is not bad. As we have not seen it in print, we "tell it as 'twas told us:"

A party of Southern "bloods" came to Philadelphia, and put up at a first class hotel. Having a room in the third story, they engaged in a spree of the most aggravated denomination. Having become about as drunk as they well could be, they rang for more liquor. A black waiter came up, but did not bring the kind asked for. So one of the party coolly took hold of the poor darkey and pitched him out of the window upon the sidewalk below. Presently the landlord rushed up, exclaiming that they had killed his waiter. "O, never mind," said the offending "blood," "put it in the bill!"

——Railroad Connection.—At the annual meeting of the Hartford and New Haven Railroad Company, a vote was passed authorizing the Company to join all the other lines through the Connecticut River Valley between White River Junction and New York, embracing a line of nearly 300 miles, in guaranteeing $100,000 of Pref. 6 percents. Stock to be issued by the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad Company for the purpose of making a connection with the Canadian Railroad, which will within six months be completed from Quebec to Richmond, and thence to Island Pond in Vermont, where the Connecticut River Valley lines will join it. This, says the *Hartford Times*, virtually makes Quebec the northern terminus of the great valley chain of railroads, and makes a new route between New York and that capital, 71 miles shorter than can be made by any other line or union of lines.—*Tribune.*

——Hildreth's White Slave.—This powerfully written American novel appears to have enjoyed a circulation abroad only second to that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and we are glad to learn that one of the English publishing firms has had the fairness to allow the author some share in the profits of their editions. Messrs. Clark, Beeton and Co., the publishers who have thus distinguished themselves, have issued three editions of the "White Slave," one of which is a handsomely printed 8vo. volume, illustrated and annotated; another is an 18 mo. illustrated shilling edition, while a third, the sixpenny edition, of the same size, but printed in double columns, had sometime since reached a sale of a hundred thousand copies. A number of rival houses in London also advertise their edition of the work, which is designated commonly as the "Companion to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and one enterprising publisher, in order to sweep the field, has issued both novels in the same volume. It has also passed through several translations in foreign languages.

——"Cotton and Charity."—The New York *Journal of Commerce* was very prompt, the other day, in scouting all help for New Orleans from Abolitionism. "Cotton," it said, was equal to the emergency; and the pro-slavery men of the country must have a monopoly of the work of charity. And yet it most singularly happens that the largest individual donation in behalf of New Orleans comes from the most ultra Abolitionist of the country, Gerrit Smith, who gives the munificent sum of $1,000. Even the committee to make collections in New York, which at first was so intensly pro-slavery that it would not make its announcements in the *Tribune*, that being an Anti-Slavery sheet, acknowledge with deep emotions the receipt of this donation, and speak of it as "a noble act of charity," which "will ever be remembered by this Association, and properly appreciated by the sick, dying and destitute, to whose relief it will be immediately sent." "Cotton" is outdone in benevolence by those whom it so insultingly spurned.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

——A Tale of Slavery.—It will be remembered by some of our citizens that about two or three months since a coloured man visited our city for the purpose of obtaining money enough to buy his child that was held as a slave in Kentucky. Through the generosity of J. H. Smith and his congregation, with some added by private individuals, the amount was raised and the happy negro went on his way rejoicing. Now comes the saddest part of the tale. When the poor coloured man arrived at his home, he immediately handed the money, to obtain which had cost him so much labour, over to a friend, who started immediately to Kentucky. Arriving there, the money was laid before the master by the gentleman, when, to the utter astonishment of the latter, the slaveholder burst into a fiendish laugh and said "he'd be damned if he would sell the boy at "any price." He refused all terms, laughed at all exhortations, and finally ordered the gentleman who wished to purchase the boy out of the house. He left sorrowfully, knowing how his bad success would affect the father, who was in a delirium of joy at the idea of seeing his lost son. Imagine the feelings of *that man* when it was communicated to him that his boy was *lost forever.* Our informant tells us that he said not a word, nor wept; but any one familiar with a human heart could tell what agony that poor black man was in. He seems to have grown ten years older, and it is feared, unless some change take place, that he will soon die. His life seems worse than death, and he loudly prays for the latter to come.—*Cleve. True Dem.*

——Negro Pens.—Nothing better illustrates the favourable progress of public opinion at the South than a controversy now going on in Louisville about the removal of Slave Pens from that city. Pens in which human beings are huddled together like hogs, for inspection and sale, exist in that place by virtue of a city ordinance; but public sentiment being so much regenerated as to be shocked at the inhumanity involved in their continuance, the Counsels have been induced to repeal the ordinance. The Mayor, however, has interposed his vote, leaving the citizens to adopt some other method of redeeming their city from the reproach of barbarism. A writer in the *Louisville Courier* expressing a determination to have the sale and purchase of slaves, as a business, prohibited within the city, says: "Hog pens in the outskirts of the town are in-"tolerable, but a negro pen in the heart of the city, "before the eyes of everybody, is a nuisance which all "cry out must and shall be avoided." We are glad to note this evidence of a growth of the right kind of sentiment in the right quarter.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

——Kidnapping Negroes.—We learn from the *Enquirer* that considerable excitment exists in and around Union, Boone county, Ky., in consequence of the alleged participation of a Dr. T. J. Trundle in kidnapping slaves. It seems that suspicions had been entertained by the inhabitants that Trundle was an Abolitionist, and had been engaged in helping slaves to Canada. He had been heard to boast, on one occasion, that he was ready to furnish four negroes with a hundred dollars each, which had been provided by a society in Ohio, to aid runaway slaves. On Saturday last Trundle was arrested for kidnapping a number of slaves belonging to different neighbours. Under the pretext of aiding their escape, it is charged that he sent them, by his agents, to New Orleans, and sold them. On his trial, where Gov. Morehead and others appeared for his defence, the facts were so established that the heavy bail of $15,500 was required. The public excitement was so great, that violence was threatened to any one who should become his bail. His trial will take place at the October session of the court.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Sept.* 17.

——Water Spouts on the Lake.—Several of these remarkable phenomena have recently been seen upon Lake Ontario, two of which were visible at Sodus Point. They are dense, conical-shaped columns, and formed a continuous line from the lake to the clouds. One of them, the largest (which was nearly thirty feet in diameter), was precipitated against the bluffs and broke with a deafening noise upon the rocks below, causing so great a commotion of the waters that a large quantity of logs and lumber were torn from their moorings and washed far out into the lake The smaller of the two pursued its terrific and onward course as far as the eye could reach, filling the beholders with wonder and astonishment, and awakening such a feeling of grandeur and sublimity that they stood almost mute and statue-like, until the sound of this gigantic column of water died far away in the distance. A portion of the pier of the lighthouse was swept away by the elements, and considerable damage was done to the lighthouse.—*Wayne Democrat.*

——A Question for a Western Debating Society.—"If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be best for his personal safety, to hold on or let go?"—*Exchange paper.*

This question is about being solved in a manner that may save the "western debating society" some trouble. Demonstration is always more satisfactory than mere argument, and if the "society" will "hold on" a little while, we think it will at least have the benefit of a case in point, by way of illustration. The Administration at Washington—or perhaps, more properly speaking, the Administration organ—has got the Democracy of the State by the tail, and seems to have made up its mind to hold on. The "tiger" shows a goodly set of ivory, very long, sharp claws, and is evidently bent on something damaging to the "fixture" appended to its "back settlements." Now, unless the tail, of which the aforesaid organ has such a firm grip, happens to come off in its hand, it will soon be determined where the "personal safety" of one who has a tiger by the tail lies. For ourself we do not profess to have any particular opinion upon the question proposed. Our advice is, and we think the Washington *Union* will in the end say it is good advice, that it is the better way not to meddle with the tail of a tiger at all. He don't like it, and won't have it rudely handled. It had better be let alone.—*Albany Register.*

——A Negro Veteran.—Thomas Sarvoy, *alias* Black Tom, died lately, in Texas, after a life of extraordinary valour and vicissitudes. He was born a native of Maryland, and then became a citizen of the District of Columbia, next a resident of Mississippi, from whence he emigrated to Texas. There he joined Gen. Houston's troops shortly after the battle of San Jacinto. Black Tom's subsequent conduct in the field won the praises of his hardy associates. In the year 1839, Tom marched with Jordan to Saltillo, to assist Canales; after that treacherous chief had joined the other Mexican army, Jordan's men beat them both in two desperate engagement. In both of these Tom fought with great valour and constancy. In 1842, Texas was invaded by a Mexican army and a battle was fought at Saltillo. Tom was in this fight and was wounded. He was subsequently engaged in several encounters with the Indians. Following Taylor with his old Texan comrades, Tom was at Monterey and Buena Vista. He returned to Texas with the Kentucky volunteers, and made his head-quarters at San Antonio. He was a general favourite, and might have passed his declining years in peace and plenty, but habit had made him unable to resist the charms of a roving life. He was often heard of at a frontier post and sometimes far up the Indian country.

On the 15th ult., his body was found two miles west of San Antonio.

DEATHS.

Weld.—In Belleville, N. J., Aug. 31st, aged 81 years, Mrs. Elizabeth Weld, formerly of Hampton, Conn., and more recently of Onondago Co., N. Y., and mother of Theodore D. Weld.

The Fourth Cincinnati Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

The Managers of the Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle would once more present the cause of the oppressed to the friends of freedom, again appealing to their sympathy and substantial aid. Encouraged by the growing interest which has been manifested in all our movements of the past three years, and believing it to be an evidence that our measures have been dictated by a wise discretion, we are preparing to hold another Bazaar, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of the 3d week in October next, to raise means to carry them out. Let those who pity the slave, and hate oppression, unite in liberal contributions, such as the cause demands, with an earnestness and zeal such as are always successful when applied to selfish ends, and we shall find our efforts comparatively easy.

Sympathy with the slave has greatly widened and deepened among people of all classes, even among slaveholders. Indeed, it has become the subject of all-absorbing interest; and we may therefore reasonably expect a largely increased attendance at our Bazaar. We must, then, be able to present an attraction of the useful and the beautiful, which shall make full proof of this sympathy. Our tables must contain so large a variety of such articles as please the eye, adorn the body, or gratify the taste, that none can go away with their purses full, for want of what they wish to purchase. It is not beautiful specimens of ladies' handiwork alone which should be found there. Let the mechanic send in the work of his hands: all kinds of household furnishing—tin, iron, wooden—brushes of all kinds, vegetables, fruits, butter, cheese, wood, coal, soap, starch, groceries of all kinds, confectionary, and dry goods, ANYTHING, which can be converted into money ANYWHERE, can be received in the warm-hearted furnace of our Anti-Slavery enthusiasm. But we need not extend the list. Everybody can help us who will. We invite your cordial aid, and trust that the Bazaar of this year will far exceed the last, as that did any of the preceding. We shall have no raffling or commissions, and the proceeds will, as heretofore, be devoted to the spread of Anti-Slavery truth, by lectures and the press.

☞ Donations for the sale may be sent to either of the Managers.

Mrs. Sarah Otis Ernst,	Mrs. Mary M. Guild,
" Mary Mann,	" Julia Harwood,
" Elizabeth T. Coleman,	" Amanda E. Lewis.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Norristown, on the 24th, 25th and 26th days of October, 1853.

The Executive Committee feel that it is scarcely necessary to urge a full attendance of the long-tried friends of our cause, so invariably have our anniversaries shown the readiness of Pennsylvania Abolitionists to assemble on such occasions. Our past experience and the present aspects of our cause confirm our confidence in the measures which we have adopted, and incite us to the prosecution of our labours with renewed vigour. The spirit of reform and progress which so strikingly marks this age, pervading almost every institution of this and other lands, makes despondency, in such an enterprise as ours, impossible; while a clear view, and careful consideration, of the deeply-rooted, widely-extended, national evil, which we aim to abolish, makes relaxation of our labours equally impossible. The simple statement, terrible in its realization, that there are, to-day, in our own land, millions of human beings held in Slavery, should be sufficient to rouse, to their utmost capacities, all the energies of the philanthropist and Christian; and the very obvious truth that the slave power must be vanquished, or rule supremely, in this nation, should alarm every lover of his country.

The importance of frequent meetings of the friends of our cause, for mutual counsel and encouragement, and for concert of plan and effort, is so well understood that it need not be urged upon them. To the public generally, we say: Our meetings are open to all; we invite to a participation in our discussions all, whether friends or opponents, who desire honestly to examine or discuss the principles or measures of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. We welcome to our ranks all those who, believing Slavery to be a sin, earnestly and faithfully labour for its abolition, whatever other differences of opinion may exist between us.

James Mott, *Chairman.*

Haworth Wetherald, *Secretary.*

The Man of a Thousand Years.

ISAAC T. HOPPER.

A True Life.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

This thrilling work is the biography of one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen. His deeds of philanthropy and mercy, covering a period of nearly four-score years, endeared him not only to the thousands who were the immediate participants of his beneficence, but to all who knew him.

His was a charity the most expansive. It was not confined to the *popular* channels of the day, but exerted itself among the most degraded and abandoned, regardless of colour or condition. In the cities of Philadelphia and New York, where his active life was mostly spent, thousands upon thousands can bear testimony to his nobleness of soul, and his entire devotion to the interests of suffering humanity.

With truth he may be called the HOWARD OF AMERICA. Mrs. Child having spent several years in his family, and being perfectly familiar with his history, of all others, was the person to write "A TRUE LIFE" of the noble man, and her task has been performed in her best manner.

"A True Life" *indeed* was the life of ISAAC T. HOPPER, and Mrs. Child has presented it *truly.* Scarcely a citizen of Philadelphia or New York but was familiar with his form and features, as he was seen from day to day tripping through the great thoroughfares and threading the narrow lanes and by-ways, searching out the wayward and the wandering, that he might rescue them from crime and degradation, and administer comfort and solace and heavenly charities to the distressed and suffering. The poor, hunted, fugitive slave found in him a friend ever ready and never weary.

We intend to publish this work early in August. It will make an elegant 12mo. of about 500 pages, with a full length portrait and a medallion likeness, on steel, of Mr. Hopper. Retail price, $1.25, bound in cloth.

At the time of the death of the venerable and excellent man, numerous notices appeared in papers of all parties and sects. We make a few extracts:

From the N. Y. Sunday Times.

Most of our readers will call to mind, in connection with the name of Isaac T. Hopper, the compact, well-knit figure of a Quaker gentleman; apparently about sixty years of age, dressed in drab or brown clothes of the plainest cut, and bearing on his handsome, manly face the impress of that benevolence with which his whole heart was filled.

He was twenty years older than he seemed. The fountain of benevolence within freahened his old age with its continuous flow. The step of the octog

Miscellaneous Department.

JEANIE BURNS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Our man James came to me, to request the loan of one of the horses to attend a funeral. M. was absent on business, and the horse's and the man's time were both needed to prepare the land for the fall crops. I demurred; James looked anxious and disappointed; and the loan of the horse was at length granted, but not without a strict injunction that he should return to his work, the moment the funeral was over. He did not come back till late that evening. I had just finished my tea, and was nursing my wrath at his staying out the whole day, when the door of the room (we had but one, and that was shared in common with the servants,) opened, and the delinquent at length appeared. He hung up the new English saddle, and sat down by the blazing hearth without saying a word.

"What detained you so long, James? You ought to have had half an acre of land at least ploughed to-day."

"Verra true, mistress. It was nae fau't o' mine. I had mista'en the hour. The funeral dinna' come on afore sundown, and I cam' awa' directly when it was ower."

"Was it any relation of yours?"

"Na, na, jist a friend, an auld acquaintance, but nane o' my own ain kin. I never felt sae sad in a' my life as I ha' done this day. I ha' seen the clods piled on many a heid, and never felt the saut tear in my ee'n. But puir Jeanie! puir lass! It was a sair sight to see them thrown doon upon her."

My curiosity was excited; I pushed the teathings from me, and told Bell to give James his supper.

"Naething for me the night, Bell—I canna' eat—my thoughts will a' rin on that puir lass. Sae young—sae bonny, an' a few months ago as blythe as a lark, an' now a clod o' the earth. Hout, we maun all dee when our time comes; but, somehow, I canna' think that Jeanie ought to ha' gone so sune."

"Who is Jeanie Burns, tell me, James, something about her."

In compliance with my request, the man gave me the following story. I wish I could convey it in his own words, but though I can perfectly understand the Scotch dialect when spoken, I cannot write it in its charming simplicity—that honest, truthful, brevity, which is so characteristic of this people.

"Jeanie Burns was the daughter of a respectable shoemaker, who gained a comfortable living by his trade in a small town in Ayrshire. Her father, like herself, was an only child, and followed the same vocation, and wrought under the same roof that his father had done before him. The elder Burns had met with many reverses, and now, helpless and blind, was entirely dependant upon the charity of his son. Honest Jock had not married until late in life, that he might more comfortably provide for the want of his aged parent. His mother had been dead for some years. She was a meek, pious woman, and Jock quaintly affirmed, 'that it had pleased the Lord to provide a better inheritance for his dear auld mither than his arm could win, proud and happy as he would have been to have supported her, when she was no longer able to work for him.'

"Jock's paternal love was repaid at last; chance threw in his way a canny young lass; baith guide and bonny; they were united, and Jenny was the sole fruit of this marriage. But Jeanie proved a host in herself, and grew up the best-natured—the prettiest, and the most industrious lass in the village, and was a general favourite with both old and young. She helped her mother in the house, bound shoes for her father, and attended to all the wants of her dear old grandfather. Saunders Burns, who was so much attached to his little hand-maid, that he was never happy when she was absent.

"Happiness is not a flower of long growth in this world; it requires the dew and sunlight of Heaven to nourish it, and it soon withers, removed from its native skies. The cholera visited the remote village. It smote the young man in the pride of his strength, and the matron in the beauty of her prime; while it spared the helpless and the aged, the infant of a few days, and the parents of many years. But Jeanie's parents fell victims to the fatal disease, and the old blind Saunders and the young Jeanie were left to fight alone a hard battle with poverty and grief. The truly deserving are never entirely forsaken. God may afflict them with many trials, but he watches over them still, and often provides for them in a manner truly miraculous. Sympathising friends gathered round the orphan girl in her hour of need, and obtained for her sufficient employment to enable her to support her old grandfather and herself, and provide for her the common necessaries of life.

"Jeanie was an excellent seamstress, what, between making waistcoats and trowsers for the tailors, and binding shoes for the shoemakers—a business which she thoroughly understood—she soon had her little hired room neatly furnished, and her grandfather as clean and spruce as ever. When she led him into the kirk of a sabbath morning, all the neighbours greeted the dutiful daughter with an approving smile, and the old man looked so serene and happy, that Jeanie was fully repaid for her labours and privations.

"Her industry and piety often formed the theme of conversation to the young lads of the village. 'What a guid wife Jeanie Burns will mak'?' cried one. 'Ay,' said the other, 'he need na' complain o'ill fortin who has the luck to get the like o' her.

"And she's sae bonnie," would Willie Robertson say with a sigh, "I would na' covet the wealth o' the hale warld an' she were mine."

"Willie was a fine, active young man, who bore an excellent character, and his comrades thought it very likely that Willie would be the fortunate man.

"Robertson was the youngest son of a farmer in the neighbourhood. He had no land of his own, and he was one of a very large family. From a boy he had assisted his father to working the farm for their common maintenance; but after he took to looking at Jeanie Burns, at Kirk, instead of minding his prayers, he began to wish that he had a homestead of his own, which he could ask Jeanie and her father to share. He made his wishes known to his father. The old man was prudent. A marriage with Jeanie Burns, offered no advantage in a pecuniary view. But the girl was a good, honest girl, of whom any man might be proud. He had himself married for love, and had enjoyed great comfort in his wife.

"Willie, my lad," said he, "I cannot gi'e ye a share o' the farm. It is ower sma' for the mony mouths to feed. I ha'e laid by a little siller for a rainy day, an' this I will gi'e you to win a farm for yoursel' in the woods o' Canada. There is plenty o' room there, and industry brings its ain reward. If Jeanie Burns lo's you as weel as yer dear mither did me, she will be fain to follow you there."

"Willie grasped his father's hand, for he was too much elated to speak, and he ran away to tell his tale of love to the girl of his heart. Jeanie had long loved Robertson in secret, and they were not long in settling the matter. They forgot, in their first moments of joy, that old Saunders had to be consulted, for they had determined to take the old man with them. But here an obstacle occurred, of which they had not dreamed. Old age is selfish, and Saunders obstinately refused to comply with their wishes. The grave that held the remains of his wife and son were dearer to him than all the comforts promised him by the lovers in that foreign land. Jeanie wept—but Saunders, deaf and blind, neither heard nor saw her grief, and, like a dutiful child, she breathed no complaint to him, but promised to remain with him until his head rested on the same pillow with the dead.

"This was a sore and sad trial to Willie Robertson; but he consoled himself for his disappointment with the thought that Saunders could not live long, and that he would go and prepare a place for his Jean, and have everything ready for her reception against the old man died.

"I was a cousin of Willie's," continued James, and accompanied him to Canada. We set sail on the first of May, and were here in time to chop a small fallow for the fall crop. Willie Robertson had more of this world's gear than I, for his father had provided him with sufficient funds to purchase a good lot of wild land, which he did in the township of M——, and I was to work with him on shares. We were one of the first settlers in that place, and we found the work before us rough and hard to our hearts' content. But Willie had a strong motive for exertion—and never did man work harder than he did that first year in his bush farm, for the love of Jeanie Burns.

"We built a comfortable log house, in which we were assisted by the few neighbours we had, who likewise lent a hand in clearing ten acres for the fall crop. All this while, Willie kept up a constant correspondence with Jeanie Burns; and he used to talk to me of her coming out, and his future plans, every night when our work was done. If I had not loved and respected the girl myself, I should have got unco' tired of the subject.

"We had just put in our first crop of wheat, when a letter came from Jeanie bringing us the news of her grandfather's death. Weel I ken the word that Willie spak' to me when he closed that letter. 'Jamie, the auld man is gane at last—an' God forgi'e me, I feel too gladsome to greet. Jeanie is willin' to come whenever I ha'e the means to bring her out; an' hout man, I'am jist thinking that she winna he'e to wait long.'

"Good workmen were getting very high wages just then, and then Willie left the care of the place to me, and hired for three months with auld Squire Jones. He was an excellent teamster, and could put his hand to any sort of work, when his term of service expired, he sent Jeanie forty dollars to pay her passage out, which he hoped she would not delay longer than the spring.

"He had got an answer from Jeanie, full of love and gratitude, but that she thought that her voyage might be delayed until the fall. The good woman with whom she had lodged since her parent died, had just lost her husband; and was in a bad state of health, and she begged Jeanie to stay with her until her daughter could leave her service in Edinburgh, and come to take charge of the house. This person was a kind and steadfast friend to Jeanie in all her troubles, and helped her to nurse the old man in his illness. I am sure it was just like Jeanie to act as she did. She had all her life looked more to the comforts of others than to her own. But Robertson was an angry man when he got the letter, and he said, 'if that was a' the lo'e that Jeanie Burns had for him, to prefer an auld woman's comforts who was neathing to her, to her betrothed husband, she might bide, awa' as long she pleased, he would never trouble himsel' to write to her again.'

"I did na' think that the man was in earnest, an' I remonstrated with him on his folly an' injustice. This ended in a sharp quarrel atween us, an' I left him to gang his ain gate, and went to live with my uncle, who kept a blacksmith's forge in the village.

"After a while, we heard that Willie Robertson was married to a Canadian woman—neither young nor good looking, and very much his inferior in every way, but she had a good lot of land in the rear of his farm. Of course I thought that it was all broken off with poor Jeanie, and I woundered how she would spier at the marriage.

"It was early in June, and our Canadian woods were in the flush of green—An' how green and lightsome they be in their spring dress—when Jeanie Burns landed in Canada. She travelled alone up the country, wondering why Willie was not at Montreal to meet her, as he had promised in the last letter he had sent her. It was late in the afternoon when the steamboat brought her to C——, and without waiting to ask any questions respecting him, she hired a man and a cart to take her and her luggage to M——. They rode through the brush, and it was night before they reached Robertson's clearing, and with some difficulty the driver found his way among the logs to the cabin door.

Hearing the sound of wheels, the wife, a coarse, ill dressed slattern, came out to see what could bring strangers to such an out-o'-the way place, at that late hour. Puir Jeanie! I can well imagine the fluttering o' her heart, when she spier'd of the woman for ane William Robertson, and asked if he was at hame?

"Yes," answered his wife gruffly, "but he is not in from the fallow yet—you may see him up yonder, tending the blazing logs." While Jeanie was striving to look in the direction which the woman pointed out, and could na' see throu' the tears that blinded her e'e, the driver jumped down from the cart, and asked the puir lass where he should leave her trunks, as it was getting late, and he must be off.

"You need not bring those big chests in here," said Mrs. Robertson; "I have no room in my house for strangers and their luggage."

"Your house!" gasped Jeanie, catching her arm. "Did you na' tell me that *he* lived here?—and wherever Willie Robertson bides, Jeanie Burns sud be a welcome guest. Tell him," she continued, trembling all over, for she told me afterwards, that there was something in the woman's look and tone that made the cold chills run to her heart, "that an old friend from Scotland had just come off a lang, wearisome journey to see him."

"You may speak for yourself," cried the woman, "for my husband is now coming down the clearing."

"The word 'husband' was scarcely out o' her mouth, than puir Jeanie fell as ane dead across the door step.

"The driver lifted up the unfortunate girl, carried her into the cabin, and placed her in a chair, regardless of the opposition of Mrs. Robertson, whose jealousy was now fairly aroused, and who declared that the bold husband should not enter the doors.

"It was a long time before the driver succeeded in bringing Jeanie to herself, and she had only just unclosed her eyes when Willie came in.

"Wife," he said, "whose cart is this standing at the door, and what do these people want here?"

"You know best," cried the woman angrily, bursting into tears, "that creature is no acquaintance of mine, and if she is suffered to remain here, I will leave the house."

"Forgi'e me, good woman, for having unwittingly offended ye:" said Jeanie, rising. "But, merciful Father! how sud I ken that Willie Robertson, my ain Willie had a wife? Oh, Willie!" she cried, covering her face in her hands, to hide all the agony that was in her heart, "I ha' come a lang way, an' a weary way to see ye, an' ye might ha' spared me the grief—the burning shame o' this. Farwell Willie Robertson! I will never mair trouble ye nor her wi' my presence, but this cruel deed of yours has broke my heart!" She went away weeping, and he had not the courage to detain her, or to account for his strange conduct; yet, if I knew him right, that must ha' been the most sorrowful moment in his life. Jeanie was a distant connection of my uncle's, and she found us out that night on her return to the village, and told us all her grief. My aunt, who was a kind, good woman, was indignant at the treatment she had received, and loved and cherished her as if she had been her own child.

"For two whole weeks she kept her bed, and was so ill that the doctor despaired of her life; and when she did come again among us, the colour had faded from her cheeks, and the light from her sweet, blue eyes, and she spoke in a low, subdued voice, but she never spoke of *him* as the cause of her grief.

"One day, she called me aside, and said—

"Jamie, you know I lo'ed an' trusted him, an' obeyed his ain wishes in comin' out to this strange country to be his wife. But 'tis all over now," and she pressed her sma' hands tightly over her breast, to keep down the swellin o' her heart. "Jamie, I know that it is a' for the best; I lo'ed him too weel—mair than ony creature sud lo'e a perishing thing of earth. But I thought that he wud be sae glad an' sae proud to see his ain Jeanie sa sune. But, oh!—ah, well; I manua na think o' that; what I wud jist say is this," an' she took a sma' packet fra her breast, while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks. "He sent me forty dollars to bring me over the sea to him—God bless him for that!—I ken he worked hard to earn it, for he loved me then—I was ne'er idle during his absence. I had saved enough to bury my dear auld grandfather, and to pay my ain expenses out; and I thought, like a gude servant in the parable, I wud return to Willie his ain with interest; an' I hoped to see him smile at my diligence, an' ca' me his bonnie gude lassie. Jamie, I canna' keep this siller—it lies like a weight o' lead on my heart. Tak' it back to him, and tell him for me, that I forgi'e him a' his cruel deceit, an' pray to God to grant him that peace o' mind of which he has robbed me forever."

"I did as she bade me. Willie looked stupefied when I delivered her message. The only remark he made, when I gave him back the money, was—'I maun be gratefu', man, that she did na' curse me.' The wife came in, and he hid away the packet and slunk off. The man looked degraded in his own eyes, and so wretched, that I pitied him from my own heart.

"When I came home, Jeanie met me at my uncle's gate. 'Tell me,' she said, in a low anxious voice, 'tell me, cousin Jamie, what passed atween ye? Had he nae word for me?'

"'Naething, Jeanie; the man is lost to himsel' to a' who once wished him weel. He is not worth a decent body's thought.'

"She sighed deeply, for I saw that her heart craved after some word fra' him; but she said nae mair, but pale and sorrowfu', the very ghaist o' her former sel', went back into the house. From that hour she never breathed his name to ony of us; but all ken'd that it was preying upon her life. The grief that has nae voice, like the canker-worm, always lies ne'est to the heart. Puir Jeanie' she held out during the summer, but when the fall came, she just withered awa' like a flower nipped by the early frost, and this day we laid her in the earth.

"After the funeral was over, the mourners were all gone, I stood beside her grave, thinking ower the days of my boyhood, when she and I were happy weans, an' used to pu' the gowans together on the heatherly hills o' dear auld Scotland. An' I tried in vain to understan' the mysterious providence o' God, who had stricken her who seemed so guid and pure, an' spared the like o' me, who was mair deservin' of His wrath when I heard a deep groan, an' saw Willie Robertson standin' near me, beside the grave.

"'Ye may as well spare your grief noo,' said I for I felt hard towards him; 'an' rejoice that the weary is at rest.'

"'It was I murdered her,' said he, 'an' the thought will haunt me to the last day. Did she remember me on her death bed?'

"Her thoughts were only ken'd by him who reads the secrets of a' hearts, Willie. Her end was peace, her Saviour's blessed name was the last sound upon her lips. But if ever woman died fra' broken heart, there she lies.

"'Oh, Jeanie!' he cried, 'mine ain darling Jeanie! my blessed lammie! I was na' worthy o' 'yer love, my heart, too, is breaking. To bring ye back once mair, I wud lay me down an' dee!'

"An' he flung himsel' upon the grave, and embraced the fresh clods, and greeted like a child.

"When he grew more calm, we had a long conversation about the past, and truly I believe that man was not in his right senses when he married yon wife; at any rate, he is not lang for this world; he has fretted the flesh off his bones, 'an' before many months are ower his heid will lie as low as puir Jeanie Burns."

A RABBINICAL LEGEND.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

The shades of evening fell upon the land,
And Abraham knelt within his tent, and called,
As was his wont, upon the Holy God.

There came a stranger to the patriarch's tent,
A solitary, weary wayfarer,
Years-stricken, hunger-smitten, travel-soiled,
And prayed and said: "Have pity on the poor,
And give me leave to rest my limbs awhile,
And cool my parched lips from the stranger's flask."

And Abraham heard, and in the name of Him
Who in one likeness fashioned all mankind,
Went forth and took the stranger by the hand,
And brought him in, and gave him bread to eat,
And furnished him with water from his flask.

And Abraham asked him not from whence he came,
Whither he journeyed, or what name he bore;
But for that he was weary, and distressed
By toil and travel, hungry and athirst,
Besought him, saying: "Sojourn thou with me,
And in my tent with me and mine abide,
And share my morning and my mid-day meal,
That, when thou art refreshed and satisfied,
Thou may'st proceed rejoicing on thy way."

Then Abraham turned him about awhile,
And fell upon his face, and prayed again,
And called aloud upon the Living God.

And lo! the stranger rose, and went aside,
Nor bent his knee, nor uttered prayer nor praise,
But fixed his eyes upon the setting sun,
And murmured something, which, as Abraham heard,
His wrath was kindled, and he spake and said:

"There is One God, who made the heavens and earth—
To whom alone all homage should be paid:
Him should'st thou worship, Him should'st thou adore;
The stars of night, the sun, the firmament,
Are His, and formed and fashioned by His hand.
Why call'st thou not upon His name with me?"

The stranger answered: "Worship thou thy God,
Nor in thy tent will I blaspheme His name,
But I have never learnt to pray to Him;
I worship not with thee, nor thou with me."

Then Abraham took the stranger by the arm,
And thrust him forth, and drove him from the tent,
And so with force constrained him to depart.

And Abraham fell upon his face again,
And called once more aloud upon his God;
And lo! a voice addressed him as he prayed,
"Oh, Abraham! Abraham!" Abraham knew the voice,
And spake and answered, "Yea, Lord, here am I."

Then said the Lord: "Where is the man that sought
For food and shelter at my servant's hands—
The stranger that I sent to thee to-night?"

And Abraham answered: "He refused to call
Upon Thy name, and own Thee for his God,
And I was wroth, and sent him on his way."

Then spake the Lord: "Is he not old and poor—
Have I not borne with him these hundred years,
And could'st not thou, the servant of my choice,
Bear with his presence for a single night?"

And Abraham rose, and knew that he had sinned,
And smote his breast, and groaned within himself,
And cried and said: "The Lord my God is good;
Now, therefore, I will turn and seek the man,
And bring him in unto my tent again;
For surely he shall rest with me to-night."

So Abraham passed forth, and sought the man;
And, wandering o'er the waste with heavy heart,
What time the shadows darkened all the land,
Found him at length, as through the wilderness
He journeyed on with toilsome step and slow.

And Abraham called after him, and said:
"Oh, stranger, I have done a grievous wrong,
And sinned against my God exceedingly;
Now, therefore, I beseech thee, turn again,
And rest thine aged limbs this night with me,
And on the morrow take whate'er thou wilt;
For so the Lord my God commandeth me."

So Abraham caused the stranger to return,
And brought him back with him unto his tent,
Ano on the morrow Abraham prayed the Lord
To bless the man with further length of days,
And heart and mind to learn and do His will.

FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.

Salisbury, Conn., Sept. 16, 1853.

During two summers we have found a home in this hill-country. We have explored its localities in every direction. The outlines of its horizon, its peaks and headlands, its mountains and gorges, its streams and valleys, have become familiar to us. It is a sad feeling that we have in going away. Nature makes so many overtures to those who love her, and stamps so many remembrances of herself upon their affections, and draws forth to her bosom so much of our very self, that, at length, the fields, the hills, the trees, and the various waters, became a journal of our life. In riding over from Millerton to Salisbury (six miles), for the last time, probably, for years, we could not but remark what a hold the face of the country had got upon us. This round hill on the left, as we draw near the lakes, it is *our* hill! Hundreds of times we have greeted it, and been greeted; we have bounded over it; in imagination we have built under these trees, and welcomed friends to our air-cottage; we have sat at sun-set, and looked forth north, east, south and west, and harvested from each direction great stores of beauty and joy. As we wound around its base, a three-quarter's moon shining full and bright, the two lakes began to appear in silver spots through the trees, until we reached the summit of the road, and then they opened in full, and glimmered and shone as we skirted their border. More beautiful sheets of water, and more beautiful hills from which to look at them, one may search far without finding.

During a few days' absence, the first frost has fallen. The Reaper then has come! And this is the sharp sickle whose unwhetted edge will cut all before it! We had noticed the blood-red dogwood in the forests, and a few vines that blushed at full length, with here and there a maple, in swamplands, that were prematurely taking bright colours. But now all things will hasten. Two weeks, and less, will bring October. That is the painted month. Every green thing loses to die in bright colours. The vegetable coherts march out of the year in glowing, flaming dresses, as if to leave the earth were a triumph and not a sadness. It is not nature ever that is sad; but only we, that dare not look back on the past, and that have not her prophecy of the future in our bosoms. Men will sit down beneath the shower of golden leaves that every puff of wind will soon cast down in field and forest, and remember the days of first summer, and the vigour of young leaves; will mark the boughs growing bare, and the increasing spots among the thickest trees, through which the heavens every day do more and more appear, as their leaves grow fewer and none spring again to repair the waste, and sigh that the summer passeth and the winter cometh. How many suggestions of his own life and decay will one find!

But there is as much *life* in autumn as death, and as much creation and growth as passing away. Every flower has left its house full of seeds. No leaf has dropped until a bud was born to it. Already another year is hidden along the boughs; another summer is secure among the declining flowers. Along the banks the green heart-shaped leaves of the violet tell me that it is all well at the root, and in turning the soil I find those spring beauties that died, to be only sleeping. Heart, take courage! What the heart has once owned and had, it shall never lose. There is resurrection hope, not alone in the sepulcher of Christ, but, as that sepulcher was in a garden, so every flower, and every tree, and every root are annual prophets sent to affirm the future and cheer the way. Thus, as birds, to teach their little ones to fly, do fly first themselves and shew the way; and as guides that would bring the timid to venture into the dark-faced ford, do first go back and forth through it, so the year and all its mighty multitudes of growths walk in and out before us, to encourage our faith of life by death; of decaying for the sake of better growth. Every seed and every bud whispers to us to secure, while the leaf is yet green, that germ which shall live when frosts have destroyed leaf and flower.

Is there anything that the heart needs more than this? Is there anything that can comfort the heart out of which dear ones have fled, as birds flying out of and forsaking the trees where they were wonted to sit and sing, but their assurance of their speedy re-coming. They are not silent everywhere, because they do not speak to us. Their feet walk yet, though no foot-fall may be in our bosoms. Thine, O death, was the furrow; we cast therein our precious seed. Now let us wait and see what God shall bring forth for us. A single leaf falls—the bud at its axil, will shoot forth many leaves. The husbandman bargains with the year to give a hundred grains for each one. Shall God be less generous? Yet when we sow, our hearts think that beauty is gone out, that all is lost. And when God shall bring again to our eyes the hundred fold beauty and sweetness of that which we planted, how shall we pity and shame over that dim faith, that having eyes saw not, and ears heard not, though all heaven and all earth appeared and spake, to comfort those who mourn. And yet! and yet! something sinks heavily down and weighs the heart too hardly. The future is bright enough; but, the *Now!*

But this glorious vision, this hope and everlasting surety of the future, how shallow were life without it, and how deep beyond all fathoming with it. The threads that broke in the loom here, shall be taken up there. The veins of gold that penetrate this mighty mountain of Time and Earth, shall have forsaken the rock and dirt and shine in a seven-fold purity. And all those wrongly estranged and separated, and all who, with great hearts, seeking great good for men, do yet fall out and contend, and all they who bear about hearts of earnest purpose, longing to love, and to do, but hindered and balked, and made to carry hidden fire in their hearts that warms no one, and only burns the censer, and all they who are united for mutual discomfort, and all who are separated that should have walked together, and all that inwardly or outwardly live in a dream all their days, longing for the dawn and the waking—to all such how blessed is the dawn of the Resurrection. The stone is rolled away, and angels sit upon it; and all who go groping toward the grave to search for that which is lost, shall hear their voices teaching them that Heaven harvests and keeps whatever good Earth loses.

But we began to write for the sake of saying farewell to old Salisbury, and to all its beautiful scenery. The enjoyment which one receives in an eight week's communion with such objects as abound here cannot be measured in words. We are not ashamed to acknowledge that our last ride through the familiar places, was attended with an overflow of gratitude, as intelligent and distinct as ever we experienced toward a living person. Why not? Did not God create the heavens and the earth full of benefactions? Did he not set forth all enchantments of morning and evening, all processes of the seasons, to be almoners of His own bounty? God walks through the earth with ten thousand gifts which he finds no one willing to receive. Men live in poverty, in sadness and dissatisfaction, yearning and wishing for joy, while above them, and about them, upon the grandest scale, and with variations beyond record, are stores of pleasure beyond all exhaustion, and incapable of palling upon the taste. When our hearts has dwelt for a long time in these royalties, and has been made rich with a wealth that brings no care, nor burden, nor corruption, and that wastes only to burst forth with new treasures and sweeter surprises, we cannot forbear thanksgiving and gratitude which fills the eye rather than moves the tongue. It is not alone thanks to God. By a natural process the mind gives sentient life to His messengers, and regards them as the cheerful and conscious stewards of divine mercy, and thanks them heartily for doing what God sent them to do. Nor can we forbear a sense of sorrow that that which was meant for so great a blessing to all men should be wasted upon the greatest number of men, either because they lack education toward such things, or lack a sensibility that develops without any education.

If there were an artist to come among us who could stand in Metropolitan Hall in the presence of a living assemblage, and work with such marvellous celerity and genius, that in a half hour there should glow from his canvas a gorgeous sunset, such as flushes the west in an October day, and then, when the spectators had gazed their fill, should rub it hastily out, and overlay it in a twenty minutes' work, with another picture, such as God paints rapidly *after* sunset—its silver white, its faint apple green, its pink, its yellow, its orange hues, imperceptibly mingling into grays and the black-blue of the upper arch of the heavens, to be rubbed out again, and succeeded by pictures of clouds—all, or any, of those extraordinary combinations of grandeur, in form, and in colour, that makes one tremble to stand and look up, these again to be followed by vivid portraitures of more calm atmospheric conditions of the heavens, without form or vapour; and so on endlessly, such a man would be followed by eager crowds, his works lauded, and he called a god. He *would* be a god. Such is God. So he fills the heavens with pictures, strikes through them with effacement, that he may find room for the expression of the endless riches of the divine ideas of beauty and majesty. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The psalmist then boldly personifies days and nights, as if they were sentinels and spectators, each as it passes from his watch rehearing what it had seen: "Day *unto* day uttereth speech, and night *unto* night sheweth knowledge."

We are thankful that our incarceration in the city, though it shuts out all these things, cannot efface the memory of a summer's happiness. *That* glows and lives again, and will be a sweet twilight on our path, till another season and another vacation.—*H. W. Beecher, in the Independent.*

CROWNS IN LEAD.

Before railways were established, the traveller from Paris to Boulogne, whilst journeying down those vales of dust they called a road, which was confined between great rows of trees from which all shade was taken by the lopping of the lower branches, the spire of St. Denis was a well-known object. Towering above the plain, it was visible for miles around, and formed a beacon to the stranger who approached the capital. That spire is now no more, and the basilica of which King Dagobert and St. Elvi laid the lowest stones is lopped of its most precious relics. What outcries would be heard from the architects, antiquaries, and lovers of the picturesque in England, if Westminster Abbey were treated thus! But suppose a greater desecration—suppose the tombs were rifled; the bones of our kings and queens removed; our generals, and admirals, and poets taken from their resting-places, and thrown into the Thames; under what pretence could the despoilers screen themselves?

The Abbey of St. Denis has been thus despoiled. It is not alone deprived externally of that which made its fame, but it has been rifled also of all that age makes sacred. The sepulchres and monuments are there; you mark the spots where anxious tourists have lopped off a finger or a nose to carry away and place in their museums; but the bones or ashes which these monuments were wont to cover have been gone for many years. Not a King of France, since Dagobert, remains; for the grim assaults of the republic no more spared the long departed than the living. We know that the bones of Cromwell were taken at the Restoration and hung upon a gibbet; that the tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy were opened at Dijon for purposes of plunder. We know that for curiosity and in search of food for history, the old Egyptian sepulchres have been rifled, and that their linen-covered and well-preserved contents adorn the museums of the world; and we are told that grains of wheat were found in one of them, which, being planted, grew, and left a progeny whose yearly produce feeds the English people. Of the tombs of all the Cæsars only one remains undesecrated, for heaps of gold were thought to rest in them; but the object of the French republicans, when they swept the tombs of their ancient kings, was not gold. They required lead.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-three, when France was hemned in by hungry enemies who pressed upon her undefended frontiers, the manufacture of warlike missiles did not keep pace with their consumption. Measures of extraordinary kinds were then resorted to to fill this void. To get saltpetre, the cellars of every house were dug and sifted till not a particle of salt remained. The roofs were stripped of everything that could be melted into bullets; pots and pans and leaden spouts were melted down. All was insufficient; and, as a last resource, it was determined to exhume the old sarcophagi of St. Denis, to pass them through the bullet mould, and to throw the venerable relics into a common ditch.

An edict was therefore passed by which that energetic body, the Constituent Assembly, called upon the municipals of La Franciade—for so St. Denis had then been christened, from patriotic hatred of a saint—to enter the basilica, and open in succession the tombs of all those tyrants the kings of France, despoil their coffins of the lead contained in them, and mix the bones and ashes of the royal houses in a common tomb. On the evening of its reception, the orders were proceeded with. There was no faltering. A troop of soldiers accompanied by diggers with picks and shovels, and armed with torches, and with frying pans for burning vinegar and powder, entered the abbey; and—whilst the lurid glare lit up the aisles and colonets, which the smoke blackened; amidst the crash of piling muskets and the oaths of mustachioed veterans—the work began.

In searching for the relics of the Bourbons, the workman were not at first successful; and by a strange fatality it was not a king they first dug up; but, on raising the earth from the first tomb, they found the frame and features of the great Turenne. They treated him with great respect; that is to say, they left him in his coffin, placed him in the sacristy, where he was shown for months, at a penny per head; and, afterwards, in the Garden of Plants, where he was shown for nothing. They then interred him beneath a splendid monument erected on the spot where he was disinterred.

The scrutiny proceeded, and at last they found a Bourbon. He was perfect. The lineaments were those of Henry of Navarre, the father of that long line of Louises of whom the last had recently met with so melancholy a death. His beard, moustache, and hair were perfect; and, as the soldiers standing round looked on in awe at the strange spectacle, one of them drew his sword, and, casting himself down before the body of the victor of the League, lopped off one of his moustaches, and placed it upon his own lip, giving vent, at the same time, to a vehement burst of national enthusiasm.

There was no enthusiasm when the pick and shovel had laid bare the cold and vacillating features of the thirteenth Louis; which were in perfect preservation also; but it was not without respect and admiration that Louis the Fourteenth, decrepid though he seemed and deprived of wig and every other ornament which adorned him when called "The Great," was exposed to view. Near him were discovered Maria Theresa and his son the dauphin; on whose frame were visible the traces of his violent and untimely death.

For days and nights the search continued. Some of the remnants of the House of Stuart were taken from the ground. Among others, the remains of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles the First, and her daughter, Henrietta Stuart. Strange that of that family the body of the father should be buried in an unknown grave, and that, ages after, the remnants of those he loved should be desecrated, and thrown into a common ditch. Philip of Orleans, father of Egalité, and Regent of France, was next discovered; and near to him Louis the Fifteenth, who seemed still living, so rosy were the tints on his face preserved. Mary of Medicis and Anne of Austria, and, with them, all the relatives of Henry the Fourth, Louis the Fifteenth, and Louis the Sixteenth, lay close together near the same spot.

Older monuments, more difficult of reach, were then broken into. Charles the Fifth of France, who died in thirteen hundred and eighty, was found beside his wife, Joan of Bourbon, and his daughter, Isabella. In his coffin was a silver frosted crown, a hand of justice, and a silver frosted sceptre four feet long. In that of Joan there were the remnants of a crown, a ring of gold, and the fragments of a spindle and a bracelet. Her feet—or the bones of them—were shod with a pair of painted slippers, known in her time as *souliers a la poulaine*, on which were still the marks of gold and silver workmanship. Charles the Sixth and his wife, Isabeau of Bavaria. Charles the Seventh and Mary of Anjou, were taken up immediately after; and the ditch in which the remnants of all the Bourbons had been thrown was closed for ever.

A vault was then disclosed in which were found Marguerite de Valois, the gay and beautiful wife of Henry of Navarre; and near her Alençon, whose love for her originated a romantic chapter in history. The remains of Francis the Second and Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the Ninth, were next disinterred. The vault of Charles the Eighth, which was next opened, contained Henry the Second and his wife, Catherine de Medicis, and her favourite son Henry the Third, who was murdered. Lous the Twelfth and Anne of Brittany were discovered a little further on.

The workmen began at this time to reach the oldest tombs and vaults in the Abbey. They discovered Joan of France in a stone coffin lined with lead in strips, leaden coffins not being then invented (one thousand three hundred and forty-nine). Hugues, the father of Capet, was known by an inscription on a stone sarcophagus, which contained his ashes. The pulverized remains of Charles the Bold were also found enclosed within a leaden casket in a stone sarcophagus, and the relics of Phillip Augustus, cotemporary and competitor of Cœur de Lion, were found in the same state. The bones of Louis the Eighth were found in perfect preservation in a bag of leather, which retained its elasticity although buried in the year one thousand two hundred and twenty-six.

At dead of night and by the light of torches held by weary troopers, the searchers stumbled on the sealed stone vault which contained the body of Dagobert, who died in six hundred and thirty-eight. Did the profanators know that he had founded that old church? It was with difficulty that they penetrated into it, so strongly was it buttressed and closed up. They broke a statue at the entrance and found inside a wooden box two feet in length, which contained the bones of Dagobert and his wife Nanthilde; who died in six hundred and forty-five, both enveloped and kept together in a silken bag.

The skeleton of the Knight of Brittany—Bertrand Dugueslin—the terror of the Spaniards, was found in the vaults of the chapel of the Charles's.

It was not till after long and laborious search that the vault of Francis the First was found. The leaden coffin which held his body was of gigantic proportions, and confirmed the historical accounts of his enormous size. Near him were his mother Louise of Savoy, his wife Claude of France, his dauphin Charles, and his other children the Duke of Orleans and Charlotte of France. The thigh of Francis on being measured was found to be twenty inches long. Below the windows of the choir the vault was opened which contained the relics of St. Louis and his immediate circle. They were chiefly bones and dust confined in leaden caskets, and were thrown into the grave where lay the remnants of Philip Augustus, Louis the Eighth, and Francis the First.

The last tombs discovered were those of Philip of Valois, King of France and Duke of Burgundy, and his wife Anne of Burgundy, and that of John who was taken prisoner by the Black Prince and brought to England, where he died in one thousand three hundred and sixty-four. In the tomb of Philip and his wife were found a sceptre, and a bird of copper, a spindle, and a ring; and in the tomb of John a crown, a sceptre, and a hand of justice of silver gilt. The searching after this was given up. Thus the Abbey of St. Denis was despoiled of its most ancient relics.—*Household Words.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Men in a passion should be treated like kettles—when they boil over they should be taken off.—*Punch.*

—Jenny Lind's edition of "Goldschmidt's Animated Nature" has just been published. Jenny is the mother of a "fine boy."

—General Montholon, who shared the Emperor Napoleon's captivity at St. Helena, has died in Paris.

—The first number of Mr. Thackeray's new serial appears on the 1st of October. The title is, "The Newcombes. Memoirs of a most Respectable Family. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq."

—Illegitimate Births.—The proportion of illegitimate births in England is 68 in 1,000; in France, 71 in 1,000; in Lower Austria, 270 in 1,000; and in the average of Austria proper, 139 in 1,000.

—The Will of the Emperor Bonaparte.—The commission appointed to examine the will of the Emperor Bonaparte recommends that a law be passed, granting a sum of 8,000,000 *l.* to the executors, to carry his wishes as to legacies, &c., into effect.

—The Moon and the Weather.—Dr. Ick, an excellent meteorologist, after the closest observation of the moon and weather, has arrived at the conclusion that there is not the slightest observable dependence between them.—*Notes and Queries.*

—Sale of Curiosities and Antiquities.—At an auction sale recently in London, hair from the head and beard of Charles I sold for 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, a lock of Newton's hair for 15*s.*, and a drawing by Napoleon, when student at the Polytechnic, representing an attack of artillery, for 6*l.* 12*s.*

—British Black Slavery.—Lord Palmerston has furnished the Women of America with a new answer to the Women of England. The American ladies say that, now the Smoke Nuisance Bill has passed, we cannot blame the States for their Runaway Negro Act, inasmuch as we ourselves have made a law to prevent the escape of the Blacks.—*Punch.*

—The Royal Families of Austria and Belgium have just been united by the marriage of the Duke of Brabant, a boy of eighteen (but of precocious manners, tall stature, and a Bourbon face), and the Archduchess Maria of Austria, a young girl of seventeen, cousin to the present Emperor—being the daughter of his uncle Joseph, Archduke and Palatine of Hungary.

—An India plant as good as gutta percha has been found. Its milky juice when dried becomes tough and hard. The chemical tests correspond exactly with the established results of gutta percha. It becomes plastic in hot water, and has been moulded into cups and vessels. It will unite with the true gutta percha. It also produces an excellent fibre, useful in the place of hemp and flax. It is called the Muddar plant of India (Asclepis gigantea).

—Riddles for the Post Office.—The following is an exact copy of the direction of a letter mailed a few years ago by a German living in Lancaster county, Pa.: "Tis is fur old Mr. Willy wot br